Saturday Night

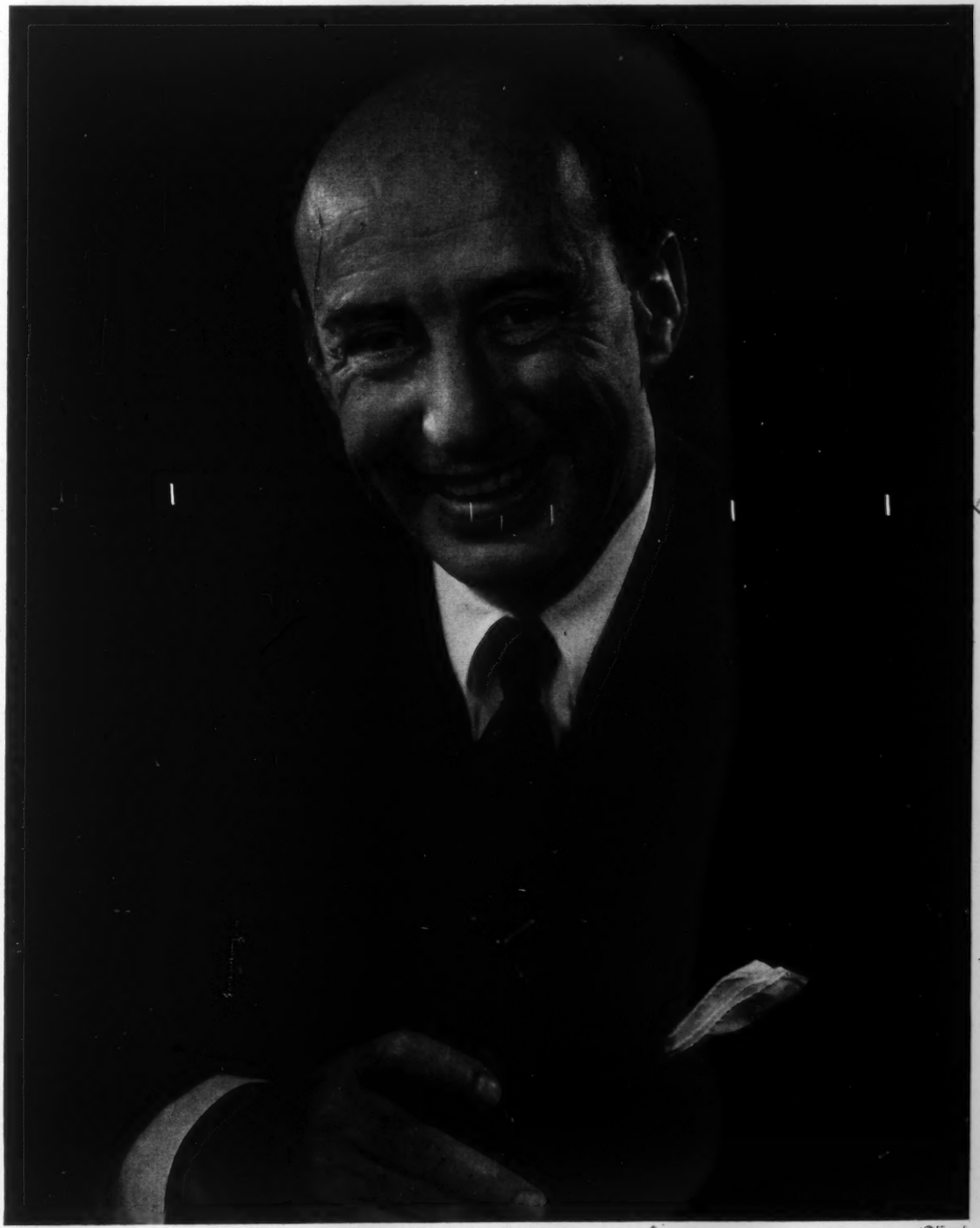
November 7, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The violence which has accompanied the recent epidemic of strikes, particularly virulent in Ontario, has made it imperative that labor unions be held responsible for the discipline of those of their members taking part in activities inspired and directed by union leaders. Indeed, it is probable that had such responsibility been placed on the unions when the need for it first became apparent, there would be much greater respect for law than now seems to exist.

During the last three months, strikers in various parts of the country have threatened the lives of others, brutally attacked men who differed with them, destroyed property belonging to others and staged pitched battles with police trying to maintain order and enforce the law. Such a situation is intolerable, but it will not be remedied until our politicians stiffen their spines enough to make the leaders of the strikers accept their proper responsibilities. This could be done by making labor unions legal entities.

At present, the unions are not entities under law; they cannot sue or be sued and therefore cannot be held legally responsible for the actions



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ADLAI STEVENSON: The Problem of Opposition (Page 4)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

of their officers or other members. There was an argument in favor of such freedom from responsibility at a time when the unions were struggling for existence, when they could have been broken by the financial power of ruthless opponents. But now the unions have grown to be big business themselves, and they have the resources to fight back—as they demonstrate almost every year.

Union officials have attacked with great bitterness the proposal that their organizations be made legal entities; they say the unions cannot be held responsible for the misdeeds of individuals and that anyone who disagrees is out to destroy the unions and enslave the worker. But sooner or later they must see that lack of union responsibility will inevitably destroy public sympathy for organized labor. Moreover, since they are able to maintain discipline in their organizations at other times, there is no reason why they cannot do so during strikes, if they really want to. But whether they want to or not, action must be taken to put a stop to the violence.

The Censor's Price

CHARLES G. BOLTE, executive secretary of the American Book Publishers' Council, complained the other day that "most of the current censorship movements in the United States" have been directed against low-priced reprints of books that were not attacked when they were published in hard covers at a price of three dollars or more. Surely Mr. Bolte could not have been surprised by this sort of thing, because it has been going on for a long time. Censors, and would-be censors, have always been snobs, with a great respect for the cultural influence of money. Thus the difference between what is good and what is evil in literature, painting, or anything else becomes largely a matter of price. Nudes are art at $5000, pornography at 25 cents; books are masterpieces at $5, menaces at anything less than a dollar.

Bond Salesman

STANLEY HOLLOWAY, a bluff, rubber-faced Englishman who won international popularity 20 years ago with his monologues about Albert and the Lion and Sam and his Musket, has just finished a job of work for the Canadian Government; he was imported to add his name and talent for comedy to the latest of the Government's Savings Bond drives. We met him by appointment at Winston's in Toronto, and noticed that his autograph had already been added to those of other stage notables beneath the glass top of the restaurant's "stars' table."

Mr. Holloway has been one of the busiest actors at Ealing Studios during recent years, and we wondered if the ghosts of Sam and Albert still came back to haunt him. "I suppose those two have been both a blessing and a curse, if the truth be told," he said. "If you want to be known in this stage business, it's always a lot easier to be remembered for something than it is just to play yourself. Inevitably, I keep getting asked for the old favorites, but I don't mind too much—nearly everybody fancies himself a bit as monologist, and I suppose I'm no exception."

He first made a reputation with an almost legendary concert party called the Co-Optimists, we learnt. At a party he heard someone tell a story about a soldier who dropped a musket, and he wrote a monologue about it that night. Audiences loved it, he added it to his repertoire, and rode his growing fame into the film studios, where he began work in 1936. He is 63 years of age now and shows no sign of flagging; among recent pictures in which he played were *This Happy Breed, Passport to Pimlico* and *The Lavender Hill Mob*. "I'm one of the few comedians who never wanted to play Hamlet," he said. "When I did appear in the moving picture of *Hamlet*, it was as one of the grave diggers."

A good pianist and golfer, he prefers to relax or potter about in the garden of his Buckinghamshire home. "My spare time? Well, I think I'm like the old man who said, 'Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits.'"

STANLEY HOLLOWAY: A blessing and a curse.

The Pop That Counts

THE CHAMPAGNE country of France is bubbling with argument over a proposal to replace the traditional corks in champagne bottles with stoppers made of nylon. The biggest objection to the new stopper is that it doesn't pop when it is removed; the only sound is a quiet fizzle. The argument so far has been confined to the people who make champagne, but it seems probable that the greatest opposition to the nylon plug will come from consumers, in particular those who hold the pop of a champagne cork in high regard for its advertising value.

Courting Habits

IF THE THEORY of Prof. T. G. Fergusson, a Scottish savant, is correct, film producers are faced with the problem of getting young lovers back into the theatre balconies. Movies shifted courting from the parlor sofa to the balcony, Prof. Fergusson told a gathering at Perth, Scotland, the other day, but now television is putting it back.

It is an interesting comment on the ways of young men and maids in modern times but, we think, too much of a generality. It is doubtful if any serious courting was ever done in the dim upper reaches of a theatre; a certain amount of experimentation, perhaps, but not courting. Besides, in recent years the movie houses have become largely dedicated to the sale of popcorn, and it would be impossible for any serious romance to flower amid the resulting hurricanes of crunching and crackling, slobbering and gnashing. Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?

No, the sofa's only rival as an aid to courting has been the automobile, and this promises to destroy itself as a vehicle for young lovers by becoming altogether too ubiquitous. To spark, one must park—but where? We come back, inevitably, to the sofa, which has everything in its favor. Old Ovid, who knew a thing or two, noted that "many have found useful the deft arranging of a cushion. . . It has helped, too, to set a stool beneath a dainty foot." There are some things that just don't change, no matter what new marvels are brought about by inquisitive and ingenious men.

Pie as a Weapon

AN AMERICAN soldier who had dallied with his Communist captors finally decided to return to his native land because, he said, he got homesick for his mother's cooking, especially apple pie. This brings to us the sobering thought that the West has not been giving enough attention to apple pie as a weapon in the cold war. Words are all very well in their place, and have certain uses in the current struggle for the minds of men; but what word has the tooth-filling satisfaction of a slab of apple pie; with its brown, flaky crust lying like a caress on the aromatic fruit beneath?

It would not be practical to line the frontiers of Communist states with apple pies, deep-dish or otherwise, but to people who are desperately hungry food of any kind can be pretty exciting — as the East Germans demonstrated only a little while ago. There are great stocks of food piled up in North America — so many that they have become an embarrassment rather than a cause of rejoicing. Somewhere along the bristling frontiers it should be possible to use a little of that food to good purpose.

Traffic in Big Cities

THE LONG-RANGE exchange that took place the other day between a traffic expert from the United States and Fred Gardiner who is chairman of the Toronto Metropolitan Council, was a typical scene in the continuing tragi-comedy that has big-city congestion as its plot. The expert, without visiting Toronto, suggested how the city could cure its traffic ills; Mr. Gardiner, apparently without examining the expert's credentials, hastened to condemn his ideas as impractical.

There is some excuse for the note of hysteria that gets into the voices of Toronto's municipal officials when they are forced to talk about the city's traffic conditions; a combination of narrow streets, an elaborate trolley system and the highest density of vehicles to be found anywhere in Canada creates a condition of clanging, horn-blasting chaos terrifying even to those who are not expected to do anything about it. Once they have seen it, people who do not live in Toronto can understand why the city's officials can get excited enough to come out with such a proposal as one to tax drivers $10 a year for the privilege of using the downtown streets or to reject any suggestion (such as the absent expert's idea for a more efficient system of traffic lights) which might help to prevent the creeping paralysis in the heart of the city.

The Toronto officials, of course, hope that a network of expressways, plus the subway which will begin operating next year, will solve the city's traffic problem. They are probably optimistic, but even so they have more to look forward to than their

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counterparts in such a city as Montreal, where great progress has been achieved in distributing responsibility for looking into traffic matters but not much has been done about traffic itself.

The Montreal Gazette recently asked, "Just who is concerned with traffic?" and found that it was the concern no less than 12 different municipal bodies, and in addition, "every municipality in the Greater Montreal area is a traffic authority unto itself." Montreal has been toying with a plan for a subway, but its enthusiasm for this has been considerably damped by the way the cost of the Toronto venture has been climbing steadily toward $100 million.

Ottawa cannot boast of anything like Montreal's richness in authorities, and its approach to the traffic problem seems to be correspondingly modest. The most ambitious proposal at the moment appears to be to forbid daytime parking on the main traffic arteries.

In the West, meanwhile, Calgary has been trying out an idea which has found much favor in the United States. At busy intersections, pedestrians are signalled to wait, and then red lights halt vehicular traffic, another sign shows "Walk" and pedestrians take over the whole intersection for a brief period. Apparently this arrangement speeds up both walkers and drivers.

British Columbia is making a provincial attempt to get the traffic moving. Amendments to the Province's Motor Vehicles Act not only make it an offence to drive too slowly, but give motorists the right to lay charges against the slowpokes, with the stipulation that they appear in court to give evidence. There is something wistful about this attempt to legislate speed into traffic by making policemen of motorists, and we hope it succeeds. But the odds are stacked against it. No amount of personal squealing is going to overcome the physical barriers to a free flow of traffic in built-up areas.

A Change in Schedule

WHEN PREMIER MALENKOV decided to put the Communist world back on standard, or pre-Stalin time, we wondered what upheavals would be caused in Red society by this startling action. Stalin had been a late sleeper and a late worker; he toiled through the afternoon, evening, and on into the small hours of the morning, and when he finally went to bed he stayed there until noon, or thereabouts. The Communist machine, of course, was geared to the habits of its driver. When Malenkov, who follows more orthodox hours, got himself nicely settled in, he put his people back on a 9-to-6 schedule. What happens when a massive bureaucracy is forced to change its habits?

Part of the answer has now been supplied by the Russian journal, *Soviet Culture*, which had a bit of quiet fun the other day discussing what the change has meant to the government worker who arrives home at 6.30 p.m. for the first time in years and then is at loose ends until it's time for him to go to bed. If he wanted to see a movie, the magazine said, he would find the same film running in 90 per cent of the theatres, and probably couldn't buy tickets anyway, unless he did business with scalpers; or if he wished to visit a museum, he would discover that the doors had closed at 6 p.m. If he complained about it to his Welfare chairman, he would probably be asked about the state of his party membership payments.

We wish *Soviet Culture* had pursued the matter a little further. The bewildered workers must think of something beside movies and museums. No bingo games, wrestling matches, Hopalong Cassidy or comic books to help them while away the weary hours until sleep and another day of honest toil? We do not think life in the Soviet can possibly be as drab as all that.

The Ace of Clubs

LAST WEEK we hastened to renew our membership in a club founded some years ago by Lord Stanley of Atherley. We were reminded of it by Atticus, writing in the *Sunday Times*, London. It is the sort of club we can heartily endorse; there are no fees of any kind, no meetings, and only one rule—that when a member has any correspondence with an agency or department of government, he must end each letter with the gentle reminder, "You are, my dear sir, my humble and obedient servant."

A Shy Person

SIR MILES THOMAS, DFC, chairman of the board of British Overseas Airways Corporation, flitted across Canada a while ago and the people who met him and heard him talk at the places he settled down for a few hours will not quickly forget the experience. He looked like a comfortable sturdy city type; he rattled off statistics on jet performance without having to refer to notes of any kind; he discussed the business of operating an airline with knowing shrewdness; and in the middle of it all, he had a habit of pulling up whoever was listening with a remark such as, "By nature I am a very shy person. This shyness is hereditary—indeed, had not my parents been so shy, I should be standing before you several years older than I am at the moment." His age, incidentally, is 57.

After meeting Sir Miles, we could better understand why the British are ahead of anyone else in the design and building of jet-propelled aircraft. Here was a man of deceptive appearance; bland and dignified, probably a little stuffy and over-cautious, one might think—but it is protective coloring for a sharp, well-stocked mind and a daring imagination which revealed itself when he talked about his well-beloved Comet airliners. He spoke of the "rise of a Comet to the permanent dawn of 35,000 feet, like a nostalgic angel," and referred to gasoline-driven aircraft using "rare fuel like liquid dynamite and fluid gold."

When Sir Miles became Deputy Chairman of BOAC in 1948, the airline was losing around £8 million a year. He became Chairman the following year, and the story of how he put the corporation on its feet does not need re-telling. His lengthy experience with airplanes (we heard that during the First World War he established something of a record by landing upside down in the area believed to have been the site of the Garden of Eden) and his years with the Nuffield organization gave him plenty

BOAC

SIR MILES THOMAS

of background for the BOAC job, which he once described as "hard but exciting."

A vision he described at each stopping-off place on his Canadian visit was that of airliners (British, of course) spanning the world in a matter of hours. "Passenger flights right round the world in 48 hours are not just a vision," he said, "but a project that we in BOAC are planning at this moment. Such a scheme . . . could well speed the day when the family of nations became a real family."

Sir Miles ended his visit with a Friday luncheon in Vancouver. As the time came to leave, he made a point of looking at his watch. "I must be going," he said. "I have an important engagement in London on Monday at eleven in the morning."

A New Dictionary

ONE OF THESE days, some enterprising scholar will buckle down to the job of producing a Dictionary of Official Words. The need for a reference work of this kind is apparent even now, and it will become more and more urgent as the wise men who look after the affairs of government continue their practice of substituting nice big words and phrases for nasty short ones. The latest substitution seems to be "excess reserves", a pleasant indication of plenty, for "surplus", which has an embarrassing connotation of expensive over-production. The new dictionary is needed against the time when the uninformed citizen will be speaking an entirely different language from his elected representatives and their experts.

For the Opposition

IN THE SPEECHES he has given since getting back to the United States after his journey around the world, Adlai Stevenson has shown that he has not lost any of his wit and his knack for clean, sharp phrasing, or found any reason to change his urbane, civilized outlook on the affairs of men. No one really expected him to change, of course, but it seems that some of the practical politicians in his Democratic party hoped that he would. There have been persistent reports, for example, that Harry Truman, the undefeated champion of grass-roots electioneering, believes that Mr. Stevenson operates on much too intellectual a level to be a successful national leader for the party.

Unfortunately, Mr. Truman may be right. In the practice of politics, brilliance of mind is not necessarily an advantage; indeed, if the brilliance is too evident, it may arouse distrust and resentment, because people seem to have an ingrown suspicion of the greatly gifted. They are more comfortable with platitudes than with epigrams, and seldom are convinced that the man who knows what's wit can also know what's what.

Mr. Stevenson's supporters have pooh-poohed the reports of dissatisfaction with his leadership, but they cannot laugh away the difficulties of his position. Because of the peculiarities of the U.S. political system, whereby the defeated presidential candidate is prevented from leading his party in Congress, Mr. Stevenson is only a sort of unofficial leader of the Opposition, who must make his voice heard and his influence felt outside the national legislative chambers. He must keep himself before the public and maintain his place in the regard of the voters without any of the help given by elected position. And he must be a constant, widely-heard critic of the Administration without the advantage of a Capitol rostrum.

Mr. Stevenson did not come back from his global tour with any ideas on foreign policy to excite the imagination of the American people. There was nothing much new in his suggestion for a system of collective-security treaties. His comments on the domestic policies of the Republicans have been flashing and pithy ("I like Ike, but I'd like to know what Ike likes") but the kind of talk his Democratic critics would like to hear, apparently, would have less flash and more thunder, less pith and more vinegar.

When Memory Fails

OUR COLLEAGUE Hugh Garner has this rueful remark to make: "In my If Memory Serves article in the issue of Sept. 19, my memory played me false. I stated in the article, called 'Schooldays, 1919 to 1926,' that a teacher had one day strapped five of us, and that one of the boys had died later of an epileptic seizure. A boy did die, but he had not been among those of us strapped. My sincere apologies go to Mr. Charles Manders, the teacher mentioned. I regret very much if this unfortunate error has caused him any embarrassment."

Letters

New Canadian

. . . A RESIDENT of Canada, of alien origin, is not a Canadian, new or otherwise, until the expiration of the time prescribed for naturalization. In the last year or two, there has been a great influx of immigrants . . . Is it because of our enthusiasm to declare them welcome, that as soon as they touch our shores we thoughtlessly bestow upon them a title for which they have not yet qualified? In former times, new arrivals were more correctly designated according to the country from which they emigrated; those from Scotland, of whom there were many, were called Scotsmen; from Ireland, Irish; from Greece, Greeks, and so on. But we do not call an immigrant from Belgium a Belgian, nor one from Holland a Dutchman; we must immediately call them Canadians—qualified by the word "new".

Although immigration is a perfectly commendable and necessary process, it seems to be considered a mild offence to name the product of such procedure an immigrant. I believe it is considered by *some* of us that it is almost implying a stigma to call a man a Dutchman or Belgian or German. Is not Holland as desirable a birthplace as Scotland and Belgium as respectable a state as, say France or Denmark, or the U.S.A.? But we are made to feel guilty of a discourtesy if we do not adopt the appellation of New Canadian.

With all due respect to these worthy people who have come to us, and, we hope, will continue to come, to increase our too sparse population, may I repeat, there is no such classification as "New Canadians".

Parkhill, Ont. E. MCCORMICK

The Other Place

THE OXFORD Book of English Talk —faugh! *O tempora, O mores*! In my day it was the "other place" that boasted of beer and talk—Oxford was the home of sherry and conversation.

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Robertson Davies in his otherwise excellent review failed to draw his readers' attention to this unfortunate title —and he a Balliol man!

Peterborough CHRISTOPHER GLEDHILL

Canadians Abroad

THE SEPT. 19 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT reached me only recently. I read with interest John A. Stevenson's article on Immigration. Canadians residing abroad, and in contact with Canadian officials stationed at various foreign posts, have known for a long time that there is an unpublished policy of discrimination in granting visas to emigrants to Canada. The discrimination starts with the sending to Europe of so-called Visa Officers . . .

It is not my intention to cast aspersions on a group of Canadian Civil Servants in Europe who are called upon to decide on the destinies of thousands who apply for visas to emigrate to Canada. Anyone who visits a Canadian visa office in Europe knows very well that an overwhelming number of Visa Officers are simply square pegs in round holes. It is not their fault. Our newly created Department of Citizenship and Immigration placed them in these highly responsible positions. The Department was short of men and it had to act in a hurry and filled the ranks with a most unusual proportion of men who should not be there at all. A number of the Visa Officers have only a most elementary education . . .

Canadians abroad bow their heads in shame when comparing our "Consuls" with those of other countries, where properly trained, sufficiently educated men are sent to represent their Governments abroad. It takes years of apprenticeship to turn out a Visa Officer. Yet, Canada picks up the first comer and dubs him Immigration Attaché, gives him and his family a Diplomatic Passport, pays him a salary of about $5,000, when in charge of an Office, as most of them are. Add to this a living allowance of about $4,000 a year, depending on the country where he works, then a rent allowance of about $1,800 a year, children's education allowances, official cars, entertainment allowances of about $900, duty and tax free purchases, and a host of other such privileges. With all this money one would think that Canada could obtain the services of properly qualified, socially suitable, educated men for such posts . . .

I am a businessman who has made a success in his work. I have no axe to grind. But I am also a Canadian taxpayer and it hurts me to see how my money is spent in this instance.

Basel, Switzerland. E. HARRISON

Tenuous Rubbish?

WHAT'S in a name?

Evidently enough to foist upon your faithful public five columns of tenuous rubbish, some of it in very poor taste, and the greater part of it serving only to show the author's jaundiced and warped view of Christianity. To most people a laugh is normally an appreciation of something at once enjoyable yet incongruous; to Sean O'Casey it seems to be half way between the impotent taunt of the underdog and "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." Does he seriously think that the mediaeval villagers relieved their pent-up feelings of oppression by singing low songs outside the priory church in a paroxysm of mirth? . . .

Does his inane proletarian philosophy of humor allow him to laugh when he dishes up to the wage slaves of Canada who buy SATURDAY NIGHT such irresponsible jeers hidden under a thin veneer of spurious lyricism? Does he really imagine that laughter is the cure for all the world's evils? If he does, his intellect does not warrant his reputation; if he does not, he is writing without sincerity. . .

J. B. Priestley has coined a word which fits this sort of writing well. He calls it "waffle," which is by definition "the plausible tosh that blinded examiners and paid dividends in the form of degrees and certificates." In Sean O'Casey's case, insert a period after "dividends."

Vancouver FRANCIS PARKINSON

Swinging the Classics

HAVE JUST finished reading "On Swinging the Classics" by Lister Sinclair. . . . Mr. Sinclair got off the main track . . .

When classics are arranged for dance bands, the question of "better" or "worse" shouldn't arise at all. They just become something "different," as radio adaptations of plays and stories do, and . . . books that are put through the mill and presented as movies. The thing that ruins a melody when it is arranged for dancing is stereotyped rhythm and banal instrumentation.

Comparing Brahms as a composer with "the committee of arrangers and instrumentalists which is likely to be the means whereby a dance band number is compiled," as Mr. Sinclair does in his article, is like comparing spinach and bananas; or monkey wrenches and crab apples. It just can't be done and still make sense. Brahms was a composer, and dance band personnel are just what they claim to be. That and nothing else . . .

Moose Jaw, Sask. W. F. LONG

Calgary Knows

THE LETTER by Mr. Thomas C. Leighton, in your issue of October 10, is insufferable. His arrogance, in presuming to tell us to cross the border (himself an avowed deserter to our high standards) his belligerence, to take up the problem of standards, when he has not seen the exhibition specified, and his stupidity in not knowing Mr. Bell's position—is this not all shameful?

He does not know who Mr. Bell is: we in Calgary (and therefore in Canada) know well the unbiased reviews and beautiful prose of this member of the International Art Critics' Association; we have heard of the respect in which artists throughout the country hold his views; we have studied his writings, beholding the truth of what he says. Let Mr. Leighton re-assess his *own* ivory tower pinnacle, for fear he tumbles. Such ignorant writing must not be tolerated, when we are so keen to lay bare facts which may hurt, but which, it must ruefully be admitted, can be substantiated by the true analysis.

Calgary MONICA MORAN

The Unknown Country

YOUR EDITORIAL entitled "The Unknown Country" is remarkable. I suppose it is satisfying for us to be able to laugh at Englishmen who think that our Provinces are national entities and of Americans who bring their skis north with them in summer. But to express indignation at such foibles is small . . .

You blame the BBC for the misinformation in point. Yet you forget that the prime purpose of that organization, in Conservative and Labor regime alike, is educational. Private Canadian companies sell with appeal to society's lowest common denominator.

Toronto JOHN DASHWOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Reader Dashwood should take another look at the editorial, which simply quoted what an Englishman—puzzled rather than indignant —had to say about his banker and the BBC. Possibly the educational influence of the BBC has not penetrated to the bankers.

Fat in Milk

I SHOULD LIKE to draw attention to your editorial entitled "The Fat in Milk" . . . You are confusing Government Standards with nutritional aspects . . .

Take first the Food and Drug Regulations on milk fat. These are designed to protect the public. To know that milk fat conforms to certain standards is the assurance that it has not been adulterated. The specific gravity determination and the other tests, to which reference has been made, are necessary to detect the presence of foreign fats in the butter fat.

The second aspect deals with the nutritive qualities of the milk. The well-informed dietitian will tell you that the nutritive value of milk *does* depend partially on the butter fat it contains. This fat, like all foods, provides energy; but also it is a valuable source of vitamin A. In addition, there is evidence to show that edible fats, including butter fat, perform certain vital functions in the body.

Toronto ISOBEL WALKER,
Food Chemistry Dept.
University of Toronto

The Old Toronto

JOHN B. KENNEDY'S recount of Toronto 40 years ago was music to my ears; and how true and descriptive. I can vividly recall the pay-as-you-enter episode. . . The old belt line was really a holiday line for those who wanted to spend part of an afternoon sight-seeing Toronto and I did it many times for a nickel a ride. . .

You were faced with fellow men across the car and invariably entered into a conversation with some one of them—not like today. . . The motorman or guide to our vehicle was always a great helper to our round trip in that he would announce in fine buoyant words the street stops and sometimes say "Good night" or "Good day" as you stepped off the platform — an ambassador of good will or good relations. We today have so few of them.

I lived on Jarvis Street . . . with some of Toronto's best and most respected family homes located on its sides. It was a street of colour and dignity in those days.

Stratford, Ont. R. M. TROW

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The Man With a New Deal for France

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

PARIS: Pierre Mendès-France has been looking for months for a free French translation of the term "New Deal." If you have any ideas, his address is the Chambre des Députés, Paris. It was in this chamber that he launched his full-dress program for a new deal, last June, and only missed by 13 votes being named Premier.

The repercussions can still be felt today. His speech has been published as a book *Gouverner, c'est Choisir*. University students have formed committees, undertaking to go into the public service, which they have been increasingly shunning in recent years, to help carry out such a new deal. A group of "Young Turks" has gathered inside the Radical Socialist Party, with the slogan *Mendès au pouvoir!* And Mendès himself has made another of his infrequent speeches, at the Radical Party congress, warning that the country stands "at 1788," that is, just one year from revolution.

Not many Frenchmen are ready to believe that, in spite of the great strikes of last August and the current, unprecedented peasant demonstrations; but I think there has been an article on one aspect or other of the new deal of which Mendès-France has become the chief spokesman, in almost every copy of every serious daily or weekly paper I have bought since arriving here.

France under the "old deal" is beyond question the worst-managed of the maior nations of the West. The latest figures show that this nation, blessed with a far broader and richer country than Britain, or the present Federal Republic of Germany, is producing at only 104 per cent of the 1929 level, against 143 for West Germany and 161 for Britain — not to mention 195 for Canada, 205 for the U.S. and Denmark, and 258 for Sweden.

The French national income, calculated in francs of constant value (something a lot of people here would like to get their hands on) is barely 2 per cent above that of a quarter of a century ago. But taxes and the military budget are incomparably higher today, as are the prices of most things people buy, so that a great many French people are living much worse than they did then. Taking taxes alone, this hard-pressed nation pays out, in proportion, half as much again as the U.S., or 43 per cent of the national income as against 29.

Perhaps the best illustration of how badly the French manage is their system of family allowances. These are on a much more "generous" scale than in Canada, and represent a heavy charge on the budget. They have just been increased by ten per cent, so that a family with three children and the mother not working will receive 20,488 francs a month. That is the equivalent of $60; but it means much more under French conditions, where it nearly doubles the salary of a poorly paid worker. A family with five children receives over $100 a month.

That should be wonderful for them; such a redistribution of the wealth ought to make an end of the Communist appeal for class war. But it is not a redistribution of the wealth. Whereas our family allowances are taken from a budget raised mainly from income taxes, the French budget raises two-thirds of its funds from taxes on food, consumer goods, construction materials and the like — for example, a tax of 10c a pound on meat. The French family allowances come from this kind of taxation and from a contribution by the employer, which also is added directly to the cost of the goods to the consumer. The effect is like trying to lift oneself by the bootstraps.

Miller Services

PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE

Or take "social" housing, which is such a brilliant success in Germany. (The French seem to have a psychological block when it comes to discussing anything the Germans are doing well.) The housing situation is admitted to be a national disgrace here, and there is, in consequence, a sort of policy for dealing with it, through subsidizing low-rental housing and low-cost private building.

What a fantastic policy it is! To build a small house, a man with two children need only put down $750 of his own money and pay an average of $7 a month for 20 years. For a larger house, a man with four children has only to find a $1000 down payment, and pay the same $7 a month for 20 years. The government picks up the cheque for the rest, which is nice if you happen to be one of the few favored ones to whom it can afford to make such a present. The cost of this housing, incidentally, is about twice as high as in Germany, because of heavy taxes on building materials and heavy social security charges on the wage bill. And so we go round and round.

I described last week what has been done, under the leadership of Jean Monnet, to modernize the basic industries and the power supply of this country. For the rest, its economy remains pretty much nineteenth century. You would think that the government, while undertaking its own great capital projects, would do everything it could to encourage modernization all down through private industry. But an industrialist has told me that, if he buys a new machine, he can only charge off one-tenth of its cost as depreciation the first year, and must pay a 34 per cent profit tax on the remaining 90 per cent of the value of the machine. Not many industrialists are putting in new machinery on that basis.

Nor is there much inducement for industrialists to expand their business. The tax on dividends is so high that French corporations will pay out this year less than a tenth part of their declared profits. The rest they will place in their reserve. The Bank of France has just reported that, whereas before the war four-fifths of France's savings were made by individuals, today about three-fifths are made by firms increasing their reserves. The money placed in reserve pays only a single 34 per cent tax. If it is paid out in dividends and placed in private savings, available to finance other projects, it is subject to a rising tax rate up to 60 per cent.

I realize that this kind of discussion is pretty heavy going for the general reader, while not detailed or accurate enough for the fiscal expert. But bear with me: I came here to find out what is wrong with France and this, I believe, is it. The French Gulliver has trussed himself up in an almost incredible way with all these economic restrictions. And the weak French economy makes all kinds of political difficulties. It ensures a Communist protest vote of millions. It undermines French military power, preventing her from either bringing the Indo-China affair to a decision, or entering a European Army on equal terms with a rapidly reviving Germany.

Of course, the French have heard the answer: *productivity!* The Americans have been crying it for years. There is even a French commissar for productivity. But the whole economic system is rigidly restrictive. The tendency of the commercial class is to play it carefully, take no risks, maintain the business they have, and instead of producing more goods at a smaller profit, try to get as high a profit as possible out of what they already make. Rather than engage in competitive advertising and marketing programs, they tend to make cosy deals with their "competitors" to divide the market and maintain prices.

The last thing any French industrialist would want is to be put into a position where he would have to work overtime to fill his orders. One manufacturer showed me that, when he paid a worker 200 francs (say 60c) an hour regular time, social security costs and various taxes raise the total cost to him to 320 francs. If the worker were to go on overtime, at 300 francs an hour, the cost to the employer would rise to a total of 480 francs.

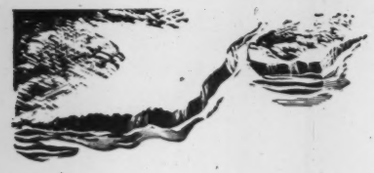
BY THIS IS THE mechanism of laws and regulations which bars the French working class from a better life. But there is also the mentality of the whole nation. The extreme individualism cultivated in this country produces an interesting number of eccentrics to amuse the tourist; a far more fateful result is that it produces also the most selfish and undisciplined of peoples. Take the traffic in Paris. I have seen my share of heavy traffic in the great world centres. But never have I seen anything remotely like the utter disregard of French drivers, tearing along the city streets at 40 to 50 miles an hour (no speed limit), for anyone but themselves.

This attitude is a direct reflection of the way a great many of them got their cars, through disregard of the law and the needs of the rest of the community. Cheating on taxes is a national scandal, one which is denounced daily, from the Minister of Finance down. Yet to give the tax-dodgers their due, the tax system is a fantastic hodge-podge which has not been clarified and recoded for half a century. One highly-placed politician admitted to me that if businessmen paid all the taxes they are supposed to, they would be ruined.

No fear of that! They'll see the country ruined first. There isn't a Canadian in Paris who hasn't a story of landlords or rental agents who will give no receipts and insist on the rent being paid in cash, so that there is no trace of the transaction. As the leading paper *Figaro* said the other day, things have come to the point where the most profitable of all occupations in France is that of interpreting, twisting, or ignoring the tax laws. "The regime creates perpetual invitations to dishonesty," it stated.

"All this must change," declares Mendès-France. "The republic cannot have the authority it requires so long as it covers up so much injustice, such social contrasts, and a state of misery which strikes the stranger who visits this country. We have to reform our political morals, and cut down this high living which contrasts so ill with the misery which is all around us. Let us take warning," he cries, "from the strikes of last August, which were neither political strikes nor professional strikes, but were strikes of sadness, hopelessness, and despair."

The strikers demanded above all, Mendès-France believes, that there must be a change, that there must be



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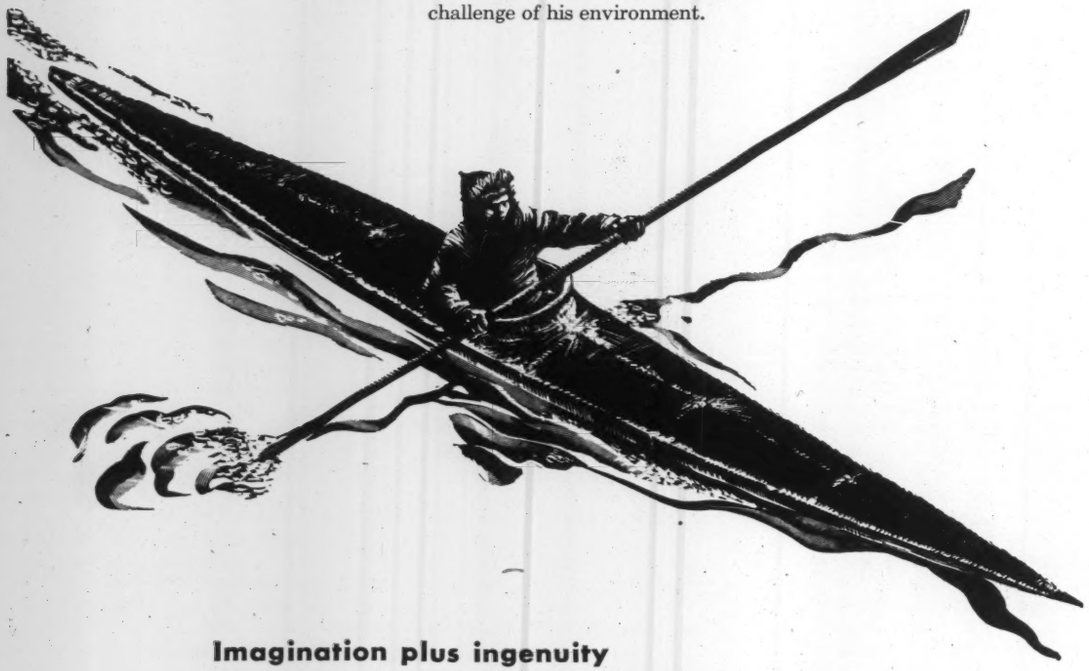

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a "new deal" in France. To carry out this new deal, the Government must cease trying to solve one by one the major problems, such as modernization, development of French overseas territories, raising the standard of living, carrying out fiscal and social reforms, pushing exports, the war in Indo-China and the maintenance of a powerful French Army in Europe, and each time through seeking a different grouping in parliament. They must all be tackled together, and since the present six major parties all have frozen positions on each of these problems, the only way this can be done is by "exploding" the parties and finding in all quarters of the Assembly men of good will and strong heart who will support a new deal policy.

But it will take a much bigger crisis than that of last spring to "explode" the parties and produce a stable majority for Mendès-France out of this assembly, which is well to the Right of him, and of the country. For a new deal, it would seem that there will have to be a new assembly.

Nothing will be done without a greater crisis than any that have gone before. You have only to attend the assembly to see that. With the peasants barricading the highways and giving away milk free, and the Government distilling 35 million litres of excess wine from last year's production, the much-advertised debate on agricultural policy has been a farce, carried on before some two-score members. Under the present set-up, France is ungoverned, and almost ungovernable.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

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They Say:

Vancouver Province: Canada's embarrassingly large wheat crop is reported to average 23 bushels to the acre in Alberta and Saskatchewan. At the Brandon experimental farm, the new rust-resistant wheat CT-186 yielded 51 bushels to the acre. The seed will be distributed to farmers next spring. If 23 bushels is embarrassing, what will 51 bushels be?

Toledo Blade: Dr. Charles Kettering, long chief of General Motors research, says he doesn't want experienced men in his laboratory, because experienced men are always telling him things can't be done. He prefers youngsters who don't know things can't be done; they go ahead and do them. As he says, man's greatest fault is his automatic resistance to change.

Le Devoir: Nobody is opposed to the Federal Government collecting the revenues it normally needs, but we contend that Ottawa has no right, even in virtue of the Constitution, to collect taxes for purposes which do not concern the Federal authorities. Otherwise, the Constitution has no sense. We would no longer be living in a Confederation, but in a unitarian State where the central government possesses all the powers and delegates a part thereof to inferior bodies, according to its own inclinations and caprices.

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Letter from London

The Filth From Fleet Street

NOT ALL THE LONDON news gets into the London papers. Apart from a guarded paragraph in *The Observer*, I have seen no reference to the astonishing speech which Randolph Churchill recently made in London, on the subject of the British press.

It was astonishing for two reasons. Firstly, for its virulence. He put a number of eminent British newspaper proprietors on the mental level of white slave traffickers. He accused one of them—and one of the most powerful—of journalistic prostitution, of "pornography for pornography's sake".

Secondly, it was astonishing because he delivered it in his capacity as chairman at one of the Foyle luncheons—those stimulating functions to which I referred in a previous letter. The office of chairman is generally regarded as one of impartiality; so strongly did Mr. Churchill feel, however, that after he had delivered himself of his own oration, he constantly heckled the subsequent speakers.

In order that nobody might be in any doubt as to his feelings, Mr. Churchill took the unusual course of distributing typed copies of the speech among the audience. One of them lies before me. It was given to me by my old friend, Leslie Hore-Belisha, who had the embarrassing task of replying to it. Here are some of the salient passages:

"So deep and lush and fast-flowing has become the river of pornography and crime which streams today from Fleet Street, that there has recently been some talk behind the scenes that the more important pornographers and criminologists should receive public recognition of their tireless labors. One suggestion was that it would have been appropriate in Coronation Year to have appointed a Pornographer Royal and Criminologist Extraordinary."

His bitterest attack was on a great newspaper proprietor whose name I do not propose to print. This is what he says:

"Though we may not approve, everyone can understand the position of an unfortunate man who has no other trade or livelihood save pornography; but it is, I think, a little disquieting when you find a man like — — — who inherited three or four million pounds from his father, romping around in the gutter with those whose cruel economic fetters deny them an escape into a more honorable and salubrious profession."

Warming to his task, he went on to say:

"Apart from sex and crime, the other great ingredient of the popular press is, of course, Royalty; and there are almost no limits to the disgusting impertinence which a large section of the press allow themselves in handling the private lives of our royal family."

And he ended by including in his censure the popular Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles, who, as he remarked in a sneering aside, "did a fine job of putting up the public lavatories at the time of the Coronation." He accused him of "flagrant indecency" because, in a recent speech, he referred to the Queen as a perfect "leading lady".

So there we are, and now we know.

I have never taken kindly to Randolph Churchill, if that is of any interest to anybody but ourselves. On my brief encounters with him—which have included meeting him on the debating platform—I have found him boorish and ungracious, with an inflated sense of his own importance. But on this matter of the filth of Fleet Street I am with him a hundred per cent.

It *is* filthy, and it is getting filthier. If you walk down Piccadilly on a Sunday morning, and study the headlines of the principal papers, lined up for sale on the pavements, you are assaulted by such an array of sex and violence and sheer dirt, that you wonder what sort of people we have become, and what has caused us to sink to such depths.

There are honorable exceptions of course, and one of them is my own boss, Lord Kemsley, who controls a great group of newspapers of which the most distinguished is *The Sunday Times*. I am not writing as a dutiful underling when I say that Kemsley would rather put up the shutters than peddle filth. I have been with him on several occasions when he has ruthlessly turned down features which he felt were against the public interest. And later, I have seen those same features published in rival journals, dragging in extra circulation by tens of thousands. Never before was the way so hard for the press lord who wants to keep his hands clean. But if I know the British people, it is Kemsley, and the few other honorable men who share his views, who will triumph in the end.

ONE BY ONE the familiar London landmarks disappear. The latest is at Shepherd's Bush. Canadians who are interested in place names may like to know that Shepherd's Bush—one of the worst centres of traffic congestion in the city—means precisely what it says. It really was a sheep-grazing centre, and as recently as 1830 was described as "a pleasant village". But its history is a great deal older than that, for it was here, in 1657, that a patriot called Miles Sydercombe hired a house to plot the death of Oliver Cromwell, whom he planned to kill "with guns made on purpose, to carry as many as twelve bullets at a time". He was arrested, and sent to

the Tower, where he died in his sleep. They dragged his corpse through the streets and cut off his head on Tower Hill.

Centuries later, on the precise spot where Snydercombe hired his little house, was built the Empire Music Hall, a wonderful rococo affair, festooned with gilded cupids. Here our grandfathers foregathered to cheer the legendary stars of music-hall, Marie Lloyd, Sir Harry Lauder, Dan Leno, Vesta Tilley, and all the rest of them.

Now this, too, has come to an end. The great gilded Empire has grown into a white elephant. However, for once in a way, the building is not to be demolished; it has been bought by the BBC, to use for "live" shows.

Yesterday I went along to see the old place. I had two reasons for doing so: one of them was nostalgic, to revive old memories; the other was a matter of business, for it so happens that the first use to which the Empire is being put, in its new role, is as a background to some of the scenes in a play of my own, called *Evensong*, which is being televised this month. It was a strange feeling, to clamber through the dusty stalls, with workmen hammering and shouting, and to wend one's way to a little circle of light where, in one of the boxes, a group of brilliantly bejewelled supers were pretending to be first-nighters at an Edwardian opera

The old door-keeper didn't like the change at all. He'd been at the old Empire, man and boy, for fifty years; he'd shown Marie Lloyd into her hansom, he'd taken a glass of bitter with Dan Leno, at the pub over the way. "Lacks the 'uman touch, all this television," he said, with a withering glance at the supers. "Not flesh and blood, it ain't, not by a long chalk. And what I sez is, there's nothing like flesh and blood."

There is one other man who would certainly agree with the old doorkeeper that there's "nothing like flesh and blood"; and that is Maurice Webb, who was Minister of Food in the Labor Government. Most bitterly must he regret that he ever consented to take part in one of the new television debates on public affairs. To lose your temper before a few hundred people is one thing; to lose it before five million unseen watchers is another. And Mr. Webb, when heckled by a Tory housewife, lost his temper, his head, and a good deal of his hair. He stamped and thumped and shouted, and altogether gave a most deplorable exhibition, that must have cost the party a large number of votes. It is probably no mere coincidence that a few days later, in secret session, the Labor bigwigs decided that in no circumstances would they permit their future deliberations to be televised. As one Tory cynic commented: "It must be a great bore to have so much dirty linen to wash."

Yet another landmark will soon have vanished. This time it is a restaurant—famous old Frascati's, in Oxford Street, where Wilde used to hold court in the nineties, with Whistler making waspish comments in the corner; where Pinero used to scribble notes for plots on the back of the menu; and where, on his rare visits to London, Thomas Hardy could be seen, staring around him with amiable bewilderment.

This garish, colorful place may not have had the best kitchen in London, but it had an enchanting atmosphere which at least aided the digestion. It is sad to learn that it is being turned into a store, for there is nowhere else quite like it.

The Café Royal in Regent Street—another haunt of Wilde and Whistler—has become elegant and respectable, with spotless linen, instead of the marble-topped tables on which Augustus John used to sketch. Smart Bohemia—a repulsive phrase, but it serves—has taken refuge in the oyster shops, which are mostly to be found in little side-streets off Piccadilly and the Strand. Here, at least, you can sit at a bar instead of a table, and pass the time of day with the man who opens your Whitstables or your Colchesters. But only the most prosperous writers and artists can afford such places, for oysters this season are sixteen shillings a dozen, and so small that you feel there ought to be a law against catching them so young.

With so much that is beautiful being knocked down all over England, it seems strange that the British taxpayer should be asked to go on subsidizing the hideous little house in which Bernard Shaw lived and died—Shaw's Corner, at Ayot St. Lawrence. Since I began to write this letter, a number of Canadians, planning to visit the old country, have sent me their proposed itineraries, and whenever they have suggested a trip to Shaw's Corner I have crossed it out. The more Shavian they are, the less desirable it is that they should go there. It is like the residence of an exceptionally tasteless suburban dentist; it is crowded with trashy pictures and cheap, uncomfortable furniture; and the only thing it teaches one about Shaw is his fantastic egomania. He lived surrounded by photographs of Shaw, busts of Shaw, caricatures, sketches, paintings, clay models of Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, till you would think that he would have screamed at the sight of himself. And he died with a nice little picture of Lenin smiling at him from the mantelpiece. Odd, I call it. Don't go to Ayot St. Lawrence. There is another place which I fancy you will find more rewarding. It is called Stratford-on-Avon. And in spite of Shaw's estimate of his own talents, some of us still think that Shakespeare was a somewhat more considerable person.

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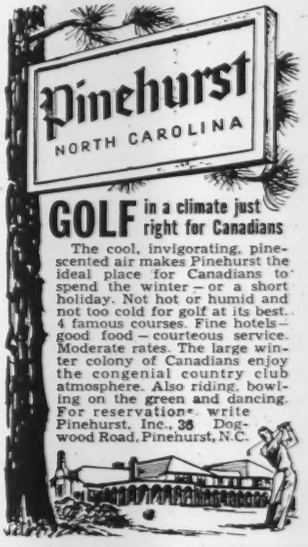
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Music

Canada's Concert

BROADCAST MUSIC Incorporated is to be congratulated on the success of the concert of Canadian Music in Carnegie Hall. But no amount of organization and initiative would have come to anything if there had not been plenty of good Canadian music to play. It is arguable that Canadian music should not be distinguished from real music; and that it has not found a place in the world repertory until it appears on ordinary programs surrounded by the rest of the world's music. Personally, I think this is a doctrine of perfection, and Canadian composers should be very happy to get any kind of performance anywhere under any circumstances. I say this, not because of any particular lack of quality in the best Canadian music, but merely because audience inertia towards new composers is so great.

Like most Canadians I heard the concert on the radio, and suffered from the results of distortion on the landline that brings the performance from the hall to the transmitter. There was also a bad microphone pickup in the building itself. We have become so used to the excellent technical handling of such performances as the CBC Opera Company that we sometimes forget that these things do not come naturally. They are the result of special skill and care, and both were wanting in the Carnegie Hall arrangements.

It was a very well-balanced program, and one that was full of variety and entertainment. First, there was a kind of overture by Pierre Mercure: *Pantomime*. It was perhaps a good introduction to the concert as a whole, because it sounded to me as if it were all introduction—a Prelude to the Last Chord, so to speak. The strings were not used, and this gave the work a curious in-between character. It did not have the weight of the orchestra, nor the special intimacy of chamber music. There has been excellent chamber music written for wind alone, so the problem is not insoluble. But it was a vigorous, harsh work, driven along by short gasping phrases, brassy and windy in tone (very naturally), and percussive and jabbing in effect. Flowing passages contrasted with all this, and seemed to me to lose the ground which the energetic cut-and-thrust had gained.

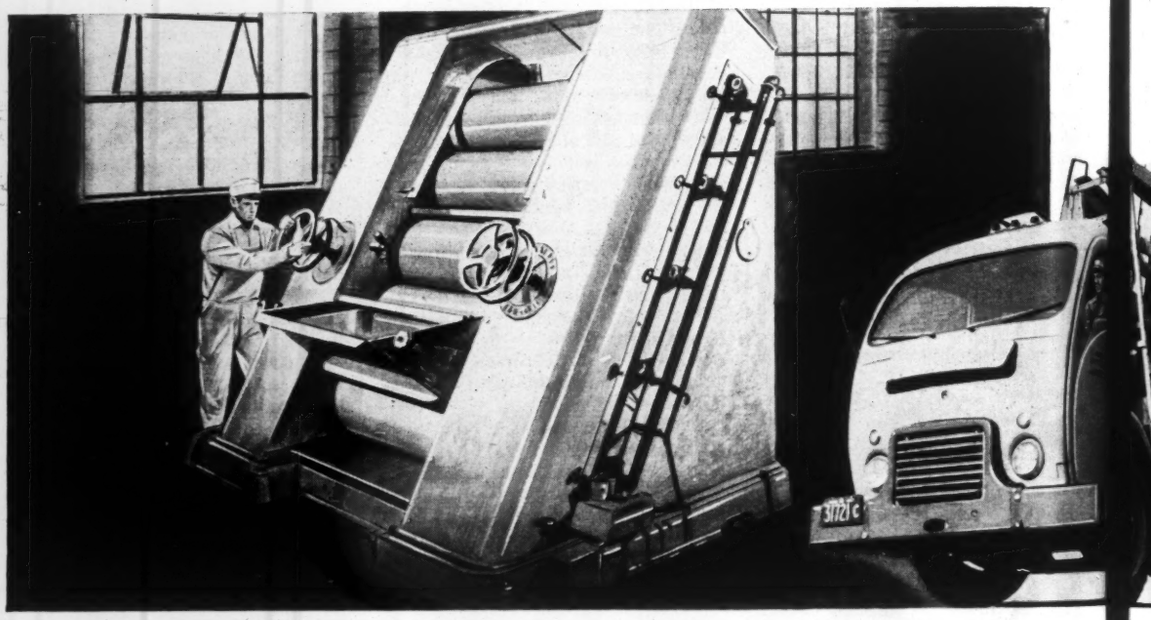
I had the same impression of Alexander Brott's Violin Concerto, which was played by Noel Brunet. This concerto was given its radio premiere by CBC Wednesday Night. It was not a particularly short work, but it seemed to me to have somehow the air of a miniature. Mr. Brott travelled a certain distance, but it was several times round a rather small track rather than once round a large one. The musical momentum gained in one passage seemed to be lost in the next. I felt we were somehow engaged in musical snakes and ladders, and kept finding ourselves back at the start once more. This is typically the Brahmsian shortcoming. Not that Brahms fails in this respect all the time; but when he does fail, it is in the direction of being unable to keep up the great momentum needed to carry us safely through his enormous structures.

Mr. Brott's concerto opens with a striking piece of business: one of these musical burrs that stick in the memory and without which music melts, thaws and resolves itself into background accompaniments. The timpani strike up a savage phrase, and the solo violin immediately picks it up with the peculiar vigor and rasp that a violin imparts to energetic figures. The great example here is undoubtedly the last movement of Bach's concerto in D minor, where the chain of mordents bites much more savagely in the violin version than it does on the keyboard.

From this promising opening, Mr. Brott proceeds to a grave and sombre extension; a solemn tune, with an oriental flavor to my Western ears; an air of Assyrian grandeur alternating with a grave bustle. The cadenza seemed to be very fine; not only difficult, but obviously difficult (a quality important in a good cadenza), and yet at the same time not merely a hodge-podge of technical studies based on the principal themes. All this was brought to a fine peroration.

Now we find ourselves in a slow movement, equally serious, dark and confident, with a strange accompaniment of surly jabbing chords and with the string tones always some-

THIS IS CANADIAN PITTSBURGH



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CANADIAN PITTSBURGH

what overshadowed, except, of course, from the soloist. Here, too, this alternation of lyrical interludes with harsher, more opinionated passages made it hard for me, at any rate, to keep up the sense of pace. But this is an objection which can be raised to many things. I should say Boethius with his alternations of verse and prose on a philosophical argument would be a close parallel from another medium.

We end with great agitation; a flurry of impacted epigrams, relieved by that lofty Byzantine note of bitterness and dole. Some of the energy of the throbbing chords was perhaps a little spurious — the pumped-up vitality of the cheerleader. But vital it certainly was, and I should say Mr. Brott is to be congratulated on having written a concerto which, without being at all boring, is serious. It is well to find in an artist's work evidence that he believes his art to be something to which a man might honorably devote his life; and I should add that this particular air of sincerity was general throughout the concert.

The first half of the concert ended with what I found the most exciting work played: Colin McPhee's tone poem *Tabuh-Tabuhan*, based on Balinese music. Mr. McPhee, who has lived in Bali, has written a book on Balinese life, *A House in Bali*, which, if somewhat rose-colored, does give an impression of life in this little island that is the intersection of so many streams of culture. It so happens that earlier this year I was doing some work on Bali, and we were lucky enough to use a number of tape-recordings of Balinese music which Mr. McPhee sent to us. Some of the themes in *Tabuh-Tabuhan* appear on these tapes. The Balinese are perhaps the most musical of all peoples. Even little children play in orchestras, and in the old days, Balinese princes used to divest themselves of their caste so that they, too, could take part in the musical life of the people. At any time of the day or night, you can hear at least one orchestra, and usually two or three at once. But the effect is not the shuddering cacophony of the march-past of regimental bands. The different orchestras blend into one another. Many of them are made up largely of little bells, gongs, chimes, and tuned blocks. The music has a shimmering, iridescent quality, hazy and soft. It would almost be the veritable music of the Lotus-Eaters, if it were not for something else that is very prominent in Balinese life.

That is *rame*. *Rame* is the presence of noisy company; it is to be found in amusement parks on a Saturday night, and the Balinese love to be in the middle of it. That they then frequently throw themselves into partial trances to exclude invasions of their privacy, is something else again. First, they like to be surrounded by *rame*, and music is one of the best ways of getting it.

So besides its drowsy, all-permeating, scintillating blandness, Balinese music has *rame* as well: a kind of vigorous counterpoint, an insistent driving to a long sustained climax, distinguished by that air of well-organized confusion that is found in good Western counterpoint.

Having described all this, I have really described *Tabuh-Tabuhan*. All the qualities of Balinese music are there, as well as the tunes. The orchestra makes a sound surprisingly like some Balinese orchestras; then, again, it soars away on a path of its own. The music is more organized to our ears than real Balinese music, and Mr. McPhee has very successfully contrived not to tire us by the endless murmur of a single scale, innocent of any modulation. Most of all, he built the music from start to finish in a long swelling climax. Of all the pieces we heard, that was the one that set up the strongest current. Some of it was a pure increase in volume; some an increase in complexity; some the hammering of a repeated bass. Together, the effect was there, and the conductor and orchestra brought it out admirably.

I must add, however, one word of warning. *Tabuh-Tabuhan* pushes the uses of Balinese music to the verge of satiation. Another two minutes, and it might have gone to pieces. Perhaps in the opinion of some, it was too long as it was. I think it would be very unsafe to try and establish a school of Balino-Canadian music. The special charm is one that specially sickens, if you get too much of it. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds." But I think *Tabuh-Tabuhan* was plucked at the moment of ripeness; however . . .

Next week I shall talk about the second half of this memorable concert: music by François Morel, Godfrey Ridout, and Healey Willan.

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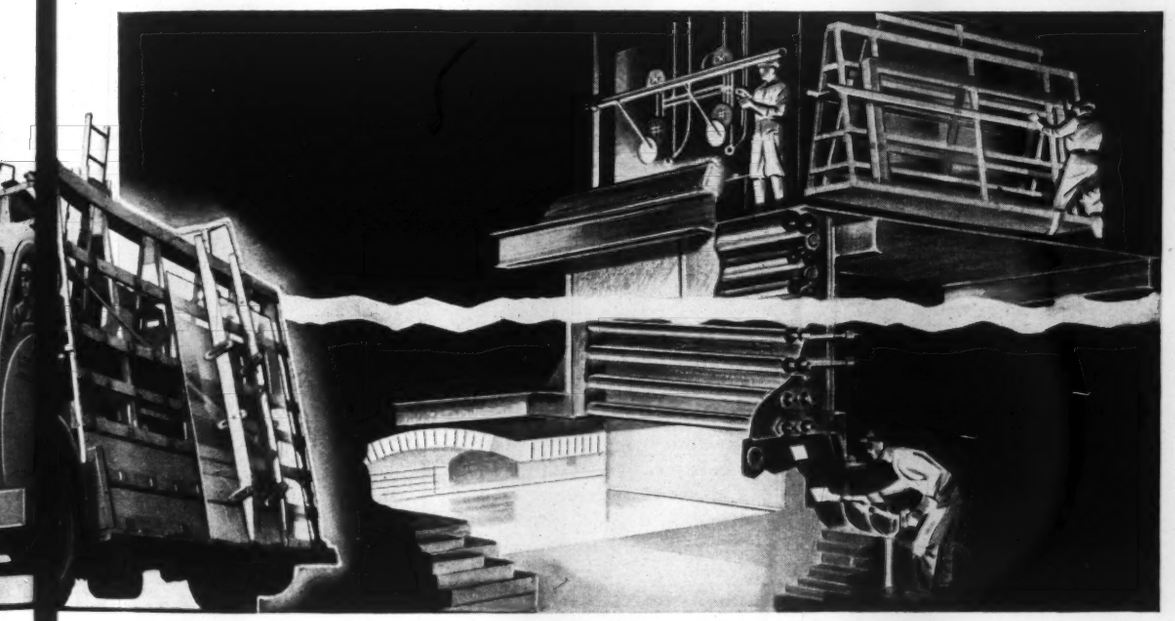

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Ottawa Letter

New Recruits To Politics

THE CONTINGENT of new members who will make their debut at Ottawa next week will be comparatively small, and few of the outstanding figures of the old House of Commons have disappeared. Of the two vanished Ministers, Mr. Fournier was a good party wheelhorse, whose popularity with all parties was his chief asset as leader of the House in recent sessions, and Senator Bradley never shone as a parliamentarian. G. A. Cruickshank, with 13 years' service to his credit, was the most loquacious of the Liberal back-benchers, but Ministers who never found him a docile follower will be easily reconciled to his departure, and must be hoping that a new member from British Columbia, Elmore Philpott, will not succeed him as a stormy petrel of the Liberal party.

The Conservatives will miss Gordon Graydon, who was their special expert on international affairs and could always make a persuasive speech, and Albany Robichaud, who made his mark in one session as a very promising French-speaking recruit. But they think that they have found a valuable reinforcement in Dr. O. C. Trainor of Winnipeg, J. W. Monteith of Perth, William Hamilton of Montreal and Margaret Aitken of Toronto.

Nothing is known about the five new Social Credit members, but the debating power of the CCF will be strengthened by the advent of the experienced Harold Winch, who entered the legislature of British Columbia in 1933 at the age of 26 and led his party there for nearly 12 years. However, his extremist views on many subjects, which he is not likely to suppress, may often prove embarrassing to his leader, Mr. Coldwell.

In the last Parliament, the Liberals enjoyed no real superiority in debating power over the combined strength of the parties in opposition, and since they have gained little new talent, there is no reason why the case against Ministerial follies and frailties should not always be effectively presented.

The President of the University of Toronto, Dr. Sidney Smith, lamented recently in a public speech the paucity of nonconformists in Canada, the dearth of courageous people who would take their own line against popular currents of opinion, uncover abuses boldly and criticize fearlessly effete institutions and unworthy public figures. But nowhere are such nonconformists more badly needed today than in our Federal Parliament. It may be said that the CCF and the Social Credit members are two bands of nonconformists, but each of them is ruled by a rigid party discipline, and revolts against it are not lightly condoned.

A conspicuous defect of recent Parliaments has been the complete absence of the sort of ferociously independent members who were shining lights in bygone Houses of Commons. Such were two newspaper proprietors from Toronto, John Ross Robertson and W. F. Maclean, who, although elected as Tories, were constantly advocating radical reforms and would never toe the party line. At a later date, W. F. Nickle, who sat for Kingston, was another able Tory insurgent, who was often at odds with his leaders and on one famous occasion was joined in a revolt by the late Lord Bennett.

On the Liberal side, Andrew Macmaster, KC, of Montreal, who had a truer conception of the established principles of Liberalism than any contemporary member of his party, rebuked persistently the backslidings of his leaders about tariff policy and other matters and eventually crossed the floor of the House in disgust and sat in his final session as an independent. In 1900, Henri Bourassa, the rising star of the Liberal party, sacrificed assured promotion to the Cabinet

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when he differed with Laurier about Canadian participation in the South African War, and when in later years he returned to the House, it was as an unfettered independent.

These men never held office, but they all stood out above the ruck of the parliamentarians of their time by reason of their courage and independence, and they always had the ear of the House. Today, alas, they have no successors, and at the last session it was almost a nine days' wonder when two Liberal members, Mr. Jeffery and Mr. MacDougall, revolted against what they thought was the Government's betrayal of a pledge and voted with the opposition.

The party system has obvious advantages as an instrument of government. It can point to a long inheritance of custom and tradition and it is well understood by the Canadian people. Indeed, it is particularly useful in a country like ours, which is rent by a number of sectional fissures, because it provides a kind of nation-binding cement which makes possible the formation of stable administrations. There is a good deal of truth in the statement of Horace Walpole: "I have a maxim that the extinction of party is the origin of faction." Moreover, its operations are professedly carried on in the sight of the nation —at public meetings, through speeches and broadcasts delivered up and down the country, and by controversial discussions in the press.

But its defects are also notorious. Efficiency in administration and the broad national interest often suffer when the sick and wounded victims of party warfare have to be cared for and the faithful and obedient followers rewarded. Its most baneful effect, however, is upon the character and mental outlook of the individual politician who becomes enmeshed in its toils.

Many a new member has entered Parliament full of high ideals and original ideas, and resolutely determined to serve the interests of the public without fear or favor. But, when he comes under the discipline of the party whips and finds himself scowled upon if he does not conform in his speeches to the jargon of the party program, he gradually, except in rare cases, becomes more and more adaptable to the official policy of his party. His fine zeal of bold independence fades away and, in company with it, whatever ideals and original ideas he once possessed go where the woodbine twineth.

In party loyalty, too, there is often a large element of hypocrisy and make-believe, and it often breeds a great deal of mistrust, jealousy and intrigue. Sometimes there are close friendships between Ministers on the same side, but often they are torn with jealousy of each other. It is part of the party game for politicians to parade in public their undying devotion to their leaders and their unswerving affection for their lowlier brethren on the same benches, but, when their tongues are unloosed in private conversation, they can be amazingly frank about their distrust of their leaders, and can expatiate eloquently upon the selfishness and incompetence of humbler colleagues.

The greatest peril that faces new members of Parliament is that they may become impressed with their own self-importance and be imbued with the idea that by their election to Parliament they automatically acquire some title to lasting fame. The number of politicians who achieve such fame is pitiably small. Out of all the Prime Ministers of Britain in the 18th century, how many are remembered today by anybody except historians, apart from Walpole and the two Pitts? Could the average American give the names of any of his country's presidents in the 19th century except Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln? Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir George Foster were in their day famous Canadian politicians, but the other day this writer found a young university graduate who professed an interest in politics and had never heard of them.

On the eve of a reassembly of Parliament, it may not be inappropriate to advise new recruits to politics to realize that they are no exceptions to the rules laid down in a famous generalization by Joseph Addison, when he wrote:

"If we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, respected by the rich or regretted by the learned. They are neither missed by the Commonwealth nor lamented by private persons."

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Films

Hope Deferred, Indefinitely

BELOW IS A PARTIAL list of movie scenes and situations I never hope to see filmed:

(1) A fist fight in which the hero, apparently stunned in the first round, stays unconscious.

(2) A plot involving an unscrupulous adventurer operating in Africa or the Near East. He meets a beautiful girl and is confronted by a moral crisis. He decides to play it smart.

(3) A scene in which the infatuated hero (or heroine) prepares an elaborate supper *à deux*, with candles, concealed music and champagne in a bucket. The guest turns up and the two spend an enjoyable evening.

(4) A religious melodrama starring Victor Mature as a tough Roman Legionnaire, flirting simultaneously with a beautiful Christian girl and the idea of conversion. In the end he figures that Christianity is an impractical ideal and he had better stick to the Legion.

(5) A climactic duel fought on the ground level.

(6) A Western which indicates that the hero is involved in express-train robbery, cattle-stealing, sheriff shooting, and the girl in the short spangled skirt at the Dirty Boot. He is, too, the rat.

(7) An African melodrama in which the camera man sticks to the plot and doesn't wander off to photograph hartebeests, rhinos, cheetahs, basking crocodiles, and herds of water buffalo.

(8) A plot which confronts Clifton Webb with the special allurements of a Hollywood child star. At the fade-out, Mr. Webb loathes his little colleague as heartily as he did in the beginning.

It is hardly necessary to say that none of these heresies turns up in the current crop of films, which stick safely to formula.

At one point in *Mr. Scoutmaster*, Clifton Webb asks himself bitterly, "How did I ever get involved in this?"

You got involved in it, Mr. Webb, as if you didn't know, by turning out, some years ago, a very funny picture entitled *Sitting Pretty*.

Until that sprightly comedy turned up, Mr. Webb, with his narrow but incisive talent and a gélid temperament that refused to thaw in the sunny atmosphere of the West Coast, was probably quite a problem to his studio. *Sitting Pretty* revealed, however, that the Webb liabilities could easily be turned into assets of the highest order. You had only to set him down, with his special reticences, distastes and superiorities, in the company of a number of small, badly brought up children, and he was no longer a problem—except, conceivably to himself.

It would have been interesting to watch Clifton Webb's face as he sat down for the first time to read the script of *Mr. Scoutmaster*—the icy impassivity with which he accepted the fact that he must once more take a bath in public; that the script had married him to a devoted but dismal wife, who gave away his favorite clothes to the Boy Scouts, and involved him with an orphaned Boy Scout determined to get himself adopted; the twitch of the nostril as he read on and learned that he must wrestle with a Scoutmaster's hat treated with glue, and later smack a Boy-Scout in the face with a plate of ice-cream; and finally the aversion mounting to horror as the story took a turn for sentiment and he found he must face the camera blinking back the tears because the now-cherished orphan had got his feelings hurt and run away . . . It just goes to show, I guess, that in Hollywood, nothing fails like success.

The Final Test, a British comedy, is also awash with sentiment, most of it having to do with the British institution of cricket. Its hero (Jack Warner) is a famous cricketer who is beginning to get a little slow on his legs and is further afflicted with a son who is bored by cricket and wants to be a poet. So on Father's great Test Match day, the son rushes off to visit a famous poet (Robert Morley), whose lyrical drama on television, a rough but recognizable parody of Christopher Fry, has inspired the youth's admiration. Actor Morley does his best to liven up these dull and talky proceedings—he is a cricket fan himself, and a passionate admirer of Father—but he can't do much with the available material. Cricket, he points out, is a dull business; and so, I'm afraid, is this picture.

The Juggler, a Stanley Kramer production, is more rewarding, thanks to the razor-sharp intensity of Kirk Douglas's performance as the former inmate of a Nazi concentration camp who takes refuge in Palestine. The picture was filmed largely in Israel and the story and background alike have a harsh yet moving authenticity.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

The Solitary

For days the grey-winged flocks have
  passed while leaves drift down and
  die.
The strong wings beat in arrowed
  flight that cleaves the autumn sky.
Above the golden tamaracks a com-
  radely array
In answer to the urgent blood they
  take their southward way.

To-day, one straggler winging with
  melancholy cry
Like some unhappy afterthought goes
  questing down the sky.

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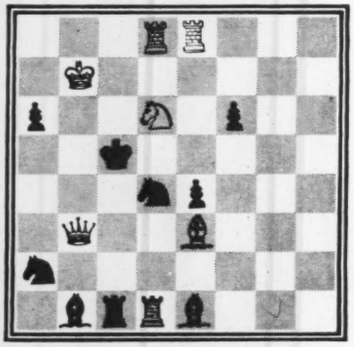
Chess Problem

TO SAMUEL LOYD, the puzzle king, belongs all the credit of discovering the black interference scheme called the Organ Pipes, so named by a forgotten German critic. He was born in Philadelphia on Jan. 30, 1841, and died on April 11, 1911. The four black pieces involved have all the dignity and symmetry of an organ standing out against the wall of a hall, in which interested Kings, Queens, Bishops and Knights are scattered.

Loyd's first presentation of the Organ Pipes was in three-move form, and appeared in *Chess Monthly* during November, 1857. Two years later he eliminated the inappropriate initial Rook sacrifice, which had much marred the play. A more complex version appeared in 1867.

Problem No. 38, by C. Callander.

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Six Pieces.

White to play, mate in two.

In most of the Organ Pipes problems, the black King is posted in a direct line with one of the black Rooks, four squares distant. This is the case with Loyd's examples, and the two companion versions quoted here. The second one, with diagonal flight, is by Otto Wurzburg:

White: K on K2; Q on QB6; R on QB5; Bs on KKt8 and KR2; Kts on KKt3 and KR7. Black: K on Q5; Rs on Q1 and K1; Bs on QB1 and KB1; Ps on QKt4, QKt5, K6 and KKt5. Mate in two.

Key-move 1.R-B1, waiting. If R-Q2 or K.3; 2.Kt-B5 mate. If R-Q3 or K2; 2.Q-B5 mate. If B-Q2 or Q3; 2.Q-Q5 mate. If B-K2 or K3; 2.Q-K4 mate. If R-K4; 2.R-Q1 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 37.

Key-move 1.Q-R2, waiting. If R-QKt2; 2.Kt-K4 mate. If B-QKt2; 2.B-B7 mate. If R-KKt2; 2.R-B6 mate. If B-KKt2; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If B-QB3; 2.Kt-B5 mate. If B-Q4; 2.P-B5 mate. If RxPch; 2.BxR mate.

A picturesque example of two sets of black Rs and Bs operating Grimshaw interferences. Placed apart they were called the Split Pipes by Frank Janet, a genial composer who lived at Mount Vernon, N.Y. Here, symmetrically placed in the top corners of the board, they are rendered mildly amusing. "CENTAUR."

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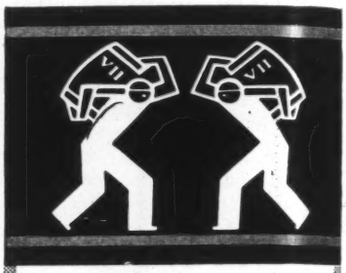

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Books

What Is in the Magazines?

CYRIL CONNOLLY possesses one of the most acute and lively intelligences among modern English men of letters, and the magazine *Horizon* which he edited between 1939 and 1949 was a mirror of his mind. He edited on the best — indeed, the only — principle; he pleased himself and paid no attention to what anyone might tell him about current taste or what would pay. In consequence he pleased a great many other people and so far as is possible to a magazine conducted on the most highbrow lines, and with hardly an inch of advertising in it, *Horizon* was a success. In his latest book, *Ideas and Places*, Connolly gives us much of what was best among his own writing for *Horizon*, and a few other fugitive pieces, including his fine memorial article about Logan Pearsall Smith.

Fifty and a hundred years from now *Horizon* will be taken as gospel on the state of mind of the literary world during the ten years of its publication. This is a solemn thought, for much of *Horizon*, and virtually all of Connolly's own writing in it, is one long howl of despair, varied occasionally with the whine of self-pity. True, the despair is real and is often expressed with eloquence and wit; the self-pity is convincing and we join in it. But despair and self-pity are queer themes for so much good writing. What ails Connolly, and the authors who gather about him, that they find life so meanly bitter?

One of the most interesting things to appear in *Horizon*, which is reprinted in the book under review, is a symposium called "The Cost of Letters"; several English authors and poets were asked to give their opinion as to what an author's income should be, if it could be earned by writing, if another job was possible or harmful, and whether the State should help writers. The answers are melancholy reading taken as a whole. Too many of the writers want rewards far beyond anything their talents can reasonably command; too many think the State should make special concessions to anyone who chooses to describe himself as a writer. It is significant that the two strongest talents among this group—Robert Graves and Dylan Thomas—give the most vigorous and self-reliant answers.

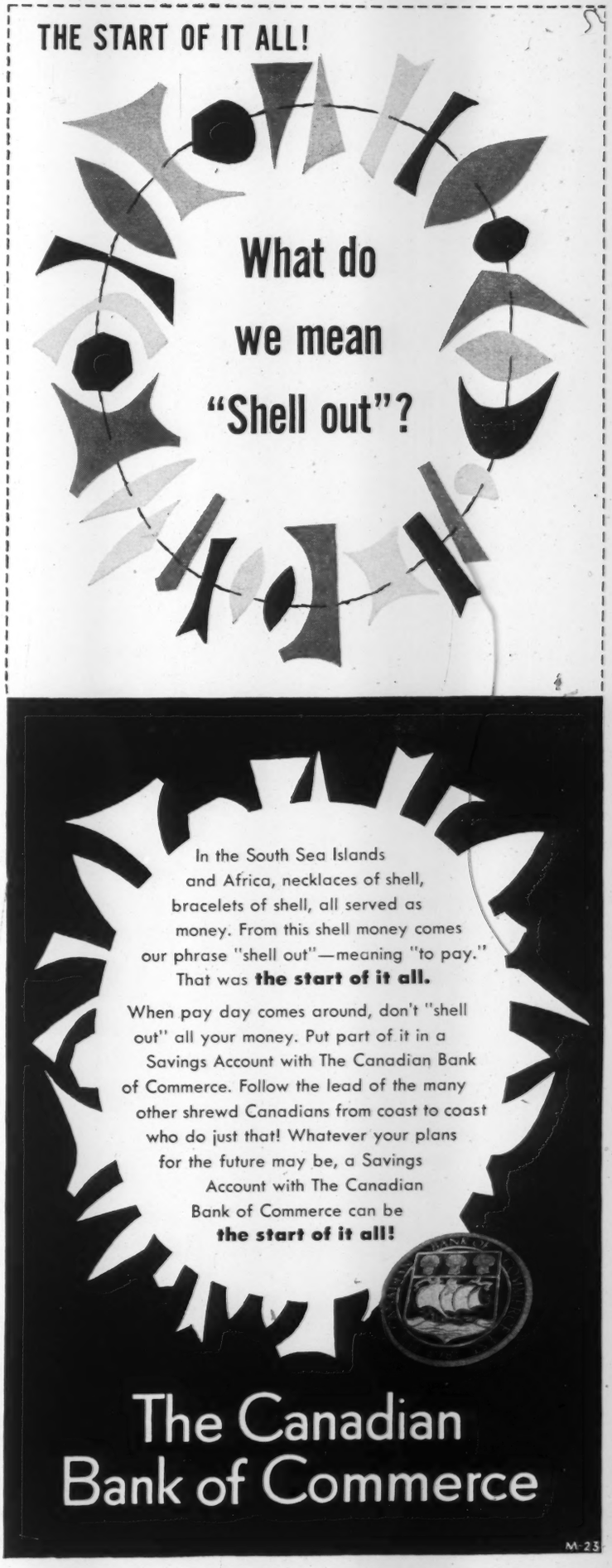
Among the others several think that any work apart from what they choose to do will take the edge off their talent; it is questionable whether a talent of any real quality needs to be kept in cotton wool. They lack vigor and abundance, these men; they do not spout from deep and hidden springs but seem rather to dribble sourly, like squeezed lemons. Their talent is undeniable, but it is small, frightened and wry; is this really the voice of the literature of our day? One supposes that it is at least part of that voice, epicene bleat though it be.

Connolly himself is immensely entertaining; it is not everyone who whines so elegantly, and it must be said that much of what he complains about is real enough. If the Spirit of the Age is to be greeted with weeping and writhing and fainting in coils, by all means let Connolly speak for us; he has no equal as the mobled queen of modern letters. Fortunately we have also Thomas Mann and T. S. Eliot, to name but two, who speak for us with more dignity, if with less appealing wit.

Horizon did not publish much fiction, though what it published was of fine quality. Waugh's *The Loved One* first appeared in it. But modern magazines highbrow, lowbrow and middlebrow, are chiefly composed of "articles", and in *Best Articles of 1953* we have 25 chosen from American magazines. Now this passion for "articles" tells us something about our age; they are a product of the modern reader's desire to be made to think that he is thinking. Nowadays it appears that a magazine reader wants what he calls "information," which usually means a journalist's simplification of some matter of greater or less importance. The reader does not want to be made to *feel*; that is why he does not want fiction: he wants information and criticism, and the popularizer and the critic are exalted above the creator. Surely this is a sign of an intellectually sick age? No wonder Connolly whimpers.

THE EDITOR of this anthology, Rudolph Flesch, is at pains to tell us that an article is not an essay. He seems to think that essays are poor things. Now it is true that a bad essay is a desperate expedient on the part of a bad writer; but the worst of essayists attempts to reach some sort of conclusion by some means resembling thought. The writer of "articles" need not feign thought or reach a conclusion. If he can give us information, that is enough. If he can give us information in a manner so slanted that we cannot help but slide off sideways into a conclusion which we think is our own, he has done a distinguished piece of work, and is likely to have it digested, and offered in capsule magazines to readers with minuscule minds.

The style of most of these articles is folksy, the tone so wholesome that it cloys. This is not the wholesomeness of honest thought and clean writing; it is a super-fatted, vitamin-enriched wholesomeness which makes the honest reader gag, and turn toward the bitter bread of Connolly for refreshment. This is the wholesomeness which assures us that marriages can be saved by mutual forbearance, that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Toscanini is a wonderful old man, that cancer is a terrible disease, in such a way that we are moved to flatly contradict these truisms, merely in order to escape the greasy embrace of the instructive lubberfiend who asserts them so crassly. If the moanings of *Horizon* leave us with a sour taste in the mouth, we can at least spit; but these articles give us an agony of the *gluteus maximus* which is only curable by prolonged and creative profanity.

Repeatedly we are assured that fiction is out of fashion. So much the worse for the fashion, for good fiction feeds the imagination and expands the realm of experience as no other writing does, except poetry. And there is some very good fiction being written nowadays. It is a pity that it does not find a readier market in magazines. *The Scribner Treasury* contains 22 short and shortish stories, of which all but two first made their appearance in magazine form. They vary widely in literary merit, but they are all the work of masters of the story-teller's craft.

The book gave me, for one, a new interest in some writers whose reputations have been tarnished by the passing of time. Richard Harding Davis, for instance, is not an author whose complete works I cannot wait to devour, but *The Bar Sinister* is so well written that I read it with pleasure, even though it is on a theme which I abhor—a sentimental tale of a dog of powerful moral principles who lives only to vindicate the honor of his mother (whom it would be unthinkable to refer to as an old bitch). How Davis gleams among the modern writers of "articles"! John Fox, author of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, shines also as an accomplished writer, though with too much sugar in him for our modern taste. But the real writers — Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Ring Lardner, George W. Cable, Frank R. Stockton—how good they seem, how accomplished, how authoritative their vision of life!

To me the great surprise of this book is J. M. Barrie's last story, *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan*. It is at least fifteen years since I read anything by Barrie, and this fine tale convinced me that it is time that he was brought back from the valley of the shadow into which the critics hasten every writer within a year of his death, and from which he emerges only when his quality is re-discovered. Barrie had no hair on his chest: very well, my teeth are full of hair from the chests of lesser men. Barrie was sentimental: quite so, and Hemingway and Steinbeck are sentimental too, after their fashion. Barrie is the cockshy of the amateur literary psychoanalysts: very well, I have read in Freud's *Gesammelte Schriften* with attentive care, and hold them in high esteem, and they only increase my regard for Barrie, who turned his quirks of personality into works of art. It is time that we took a fresh look at the man from Kirriemuir.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

IDEAS AND PLACES—by Cyril Connolly—pp. 280—*Ambassador*—$4.00.

BEST ARTICLES 1953 — selected by Rudolf Flesch—pp. 351—*McLeod*—$4.35.

THE SCRIBNER TREASURY—pp. 689—*Saunders*—$6.75.

In Brief

CANADA: A STORY OF CHALLENGE—by J. M. S. Careless—pp. 417—*MacMillan*—$3.50.

This is the best short history of Canada now in print—for study, for reference, or for refreshing, corrective historical reading. It is the second in a series on British Commonwealth countries being published by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. The primary purpose is to provide young Commonwealth students with new one-volume histories.

Professor Careless (University of Toronto) succeeds beyond the purpose. Canadians whose opinions on past Canadian events are as asthmatic as their historical facts are creaky, should not let high school students have a monopoly of this compressed, lively, scholarly work. Students and the general reader will be happy to know that the book does not bog down in a swamp of dates and dull political facts.

The history is conventionally chronological in arrangement and superficially an orthodox school text. So it is wonderful to find a pellucid, stimulating amalgam of the Canadian story achieved by the author's deft insertion of discerning judgments. These assessments are neither tendentious nor arrogant, but prismatic in their concentration and refraction.

It is not original to observe that the American Revolution has been almost as important for Canada as for the U.S. "By dividing the continent it created modern Canada no less than it created the American republic." But this sort of summation sets the book high above most of its kind. The five and a half pages on the war of 1812 are a brilliant example of condensed and balanced historical judgment.

The illustrations are finely chosen, the index adequate. A book one wishes one had had when a student, and determines to re-read and to retain on one's shelves now.

AN IDEA CONQUERS THE WORLD—by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi—pp. 310—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.65.

A biography of the Count and of his missionary idea—a united states of Europe. In pursuit of this ideal he has been a fine-raiment John the Baptist, in a wilderness of palaces, chancelleries and drawing-rooms for a generation. The title over-estimates the power of the seigneurs . . . The book is published and printed in England for only a guinea.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MANAGEMENT—edited by E. F. L. Brech—pp. 752—*Longmans, Green*—$9.00.

The most interesting reflection arising from this text-book is that the English can make so much of the business of management—752 pages of it. Here in Canada a layman imagines that the English manage to get along industrially and commercially by guess, by God and by divine right of being English. It is to the American managerial system that we impute cold techniques and management charts. These five British experts in industrial consultation, salesmanship and factory management voluminously and in detailed reference exhibit that management is a science, not a personal art; a trade not an intuitive skill. They out-chart the Americans.

THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM—John Harris—pp. 256—*McGraw-Hill*—$2.25.

The title is the motto of Air-Sea Rescue flotillas during the war and this is their novel as *The Cruel Sea* was that of escort ships. Air-Sea Rescue (RN) saved 13,269 from the sea, we are told in a prefatory note—8,604 of them air-crew. In Britain, where the book is published, it is a Book Find, Book Club Choice, etc.

This novel is more of a piece than its prototype (which fell apart after the original ship went down) but less a work of controlled artistry. Its structure is careful; in design it is like a wheel, the spokes of which lead to the hub, rescue Launch 7525. But air, sea and radio a search is exhaustingly carried out for four men adrift in a dinghy

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after their plane was hit over the North Sea off the coast of occupied Belgium. One of the men is a desk-borne Air Commodore, patently introduced into the story to justify the extensive research and Mr. Harris's spokes, which bring in the whole cycle of air-sea rescue. In tone and dialogue the story is strong and realistic, but the sea and the people are too near truth to be artistically real.

INDIA AND THE AWAKENING EAST—by Eleanor Roosevelt — pp. 237 — *Musson*—$3.9

In the past one either admired Mrs. Roosevelt or ignored her. Now she is growing old in her own right and light, beyond the shadow of her illustrious husband. This record of her recent journey into Asia compels respect for her as a remarkable woman, and as an American distinguished by her generous heart. Grace can encompass an interloper into an Indian village.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a convincing exponent of the simplicities which underlie the complexities of western democracy. "Freedom to eat is one of the most important freedoms and it is what the Communists are promising the people of India. Our Western doctrines are less easy to grasp." Mrs. Roosevelt has the simplicity of royalty, the directness of an American woman.

HERODOTUS: FATHER OF HISTORY—by John L. Myres—pp. 315—*Oxford*—$4.50.

Can a gossip be Father of History? Yes, says this book, if his presentation is "deliberate and habitual". If historical scholars ponder this thesis they may, please God, be diverted from Germanic scientific studies of history long enough to give a nod of approval to Trevelyan and even to regret the silence of Herodotus rather than his garrulity.

SPAIN RESURGENT—by Sir Robert Hodgson—pp. 260 indexed—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.65.

Canadians who matured in the mid-thirties and those who have been starry-eyed liberals since, emotionally condemn Franco and his Nationalist regime in Spain. There is blindness in this attitude, as Sir Robert Hodgson's account shows to those who can see. But sceptics, beware; he is Franco-phile and his sympathies lie with Excellencies—such as "His Excellency the head of the Spanish State"—rather than with plebs. This may have been apparent to the British Foreign Office when he was appointed Commercial Agent to the Nationalist Government in 19— Affection for Spain is paramount. The index is a sieve.

THE UKRAINIANS IN MANITOBA—by Paul Yuzyk—*University of Toronto Press*—$5.00.

This ethnic social history is issued under the auspices of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba which had also granted a research fellowship to the author in preparation for his book. The Society is to be commended on it, and on the objective (to foster other studies of ethnic groups for thus will the many-faced society of Canada be adequately documented and the important influence of immigration realized.

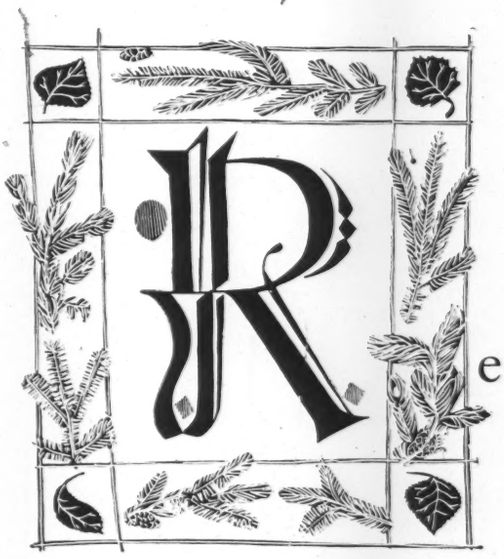
Most of the four hundred thousand Canadians of Ukrainian extraction live in or stem from Manitoba; Winnipeg alone has a Ukrainian population of 41,500. So this study is centred in Manitoba to which the first Ukrainian peasant immigrants came sixty-two years ago.

Mr. Yuzyk traces his forebears from their rich dynastic past in Slavic (Russian) Europe to the Ukrainian Labor Temples of the Canadian West and discusses their commercial, agrarian and political contribution today. He is careful to dispel the popular misconception that Canadian Ukrainians are or ever have been predominantly inclined towards Communism. The study is thorough and the opinions follow rather than contort facts.

MAN BORN TO LIVE—by Ellen Hart—pp. 371—*Longmans, Green*—$4.50.

An exhaustive and somewhat exhausting biographical soufflé of the Genevan, Henry Dunant, founder of the international Red Cross. It shows the power of an idea over a dollar or pound (he was a bankrupt), especially when it sounds like good national business sense and can be translated into hearth-and-home terms to engage the passions of ladies for the flag. So we have the British Red Cross, the Canadian Red Cross, the American Red Cross, etc., all with very nice national headquarters. During the war the American Red Cross provided a piano for a little officers' mess in Constantine and no bundles for prisoners. That's not in the story, Ellen. Poor Dunant would not have liked it.

T. J. A.



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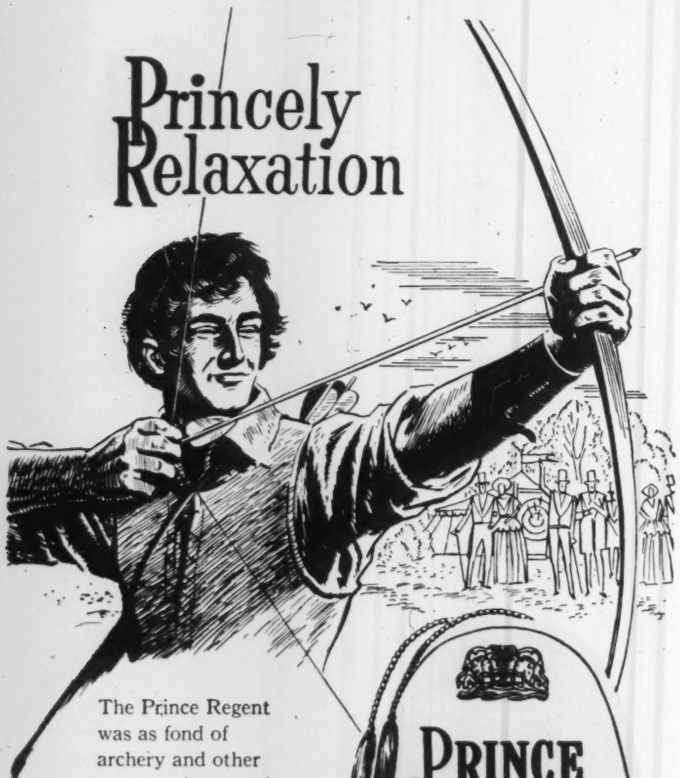

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The Passing Show

A Report From Vancouver

VANCOUVER has now entered the season of what we call "Scotch mists". We have two main kinds of Scotch mist, the "heavy" Scotch mist, which is known in other parts of Canada as "fog" and in Europe as "peasoup" (*purée de pois*), and the "particled" Scotch mist, or mist-burger, which some unenlightened tourists have called "rain".

That it obviously is *not* rain is shown by the fact that Vancouver people walk around in it without umbrellas or rubbers. They soak it up like sunshine, with the negligible differences that it tans them a sort of slug green, and that most of the camping is done in oxygen tents.

In addition to the Scotch mist, a rather special fog has settled over Vancouver's big coming event—the British Empire Games of 1954. Preparations for the British Empire Games, which are supposed to be a sweaty reaffirmation of Commonwealth ties, have lost their initial dignity and degenerated into the libretto of something by Gilbert and Sullivan.

The main difficulty has been raising the money to build a stadium, a swimming pool and a bicycle track. Original estimates for the stadium and swimimng pool have proved to be insufficient to provide a roof for either. And while it may be argued that swimmers are going to get wet regardless of any Scotch mist hovering over the pool, a group of flinty football sponsors have insisted that spectators of their sport will boggle at sitting in a puddle.

The result has been a spectacular pre-Games relay race of passing the buck, with the stadium shifting from proposed site to proposed site, in a cloud of contractors, and the pool finally landing on the campus of the University of British Columbia, to the angry bubbling of all local swimmers with only a high-school education.

THE CITIZENS of Vancouver have followed this activity with the glazed resignation of people watching a dull tennis match in which the ball is their tax money. Their imagination does not seem to have been fired with anticipation of watching the Commonwealth's athletes chase each other in circles. Track meets are splendid things for the athletes involved, but the average Vancouverite sees enough of the running broad jump just trying to get on a bus at rush hour.

As for the bicycle track, which is costing about $60,000 to build, everybody in Vancouver under 60 years of age will have to revert to cycling to get our money's worth out of it. Bicycle racing is by no means the sport in Canada that it is in Europe, most children graduating directly from the scooter to the hot rod.

Apparently we should be grateful that Empire games don't include an elephant hunt. We might be able to afford an elephant (no roof), but paying a bunch of beaters would break us. West Coast beaters have a strong local.

Even while the public-spirited committee in charge of the BEG has been struggling to overcome the pained apathy of the public, it has been attacked on the flank by those who see in the name "British Empire Games" an insult to our nationhood. They want it changed to "British Commonwealth and Empire Games", but the Vancouver committee is obviously reluctant to tamper with the name of an athletic institution. It can almost see the headlines in the London papers:

VANCOUVER RESENTS "EMPIRE"

Changes Name To "Commonwealth"

The *Times* editorial on the subject of pettiness in former colonies would be crushing. The Vancouver committee is not prepared to be responsible for provoking it.

Another ant in the committee's plans has been a newspaper columnist who has accused the Games of racial discrimination, since some of the participating countries will permit no colored athletes to come. The committee must be regretting that the sun never sets on the British Empire, since it creates this problem of an excessively good tan. It would be much better if what never set on the Empire was our Scotch mist, which would make everybody the same muddy color.

WE CAN only hope that by next summer the BEG committee's labors, and the citizens' cash will be rewarded by the great influx of pole-vault-loving tourists that is supposed to pick up the tab for the party. The committee is also counting on the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh to bring out people who look upon exercise as a form of muscular excess.

Certainly Vancouver next year will be full of athletes from all over the world, a glum prospect for those of us suety natives who already have trouble enough with visiting brawlers of the U.S. Navy when it comes to holding our womenfolk. I think it might help to compensate for all this muscle if the committee arranged a Miss BEG contest throughout the Commonwealth, the finals to be held under my nose. It doesn't seem like too much to ask, in the name of us tired sports.

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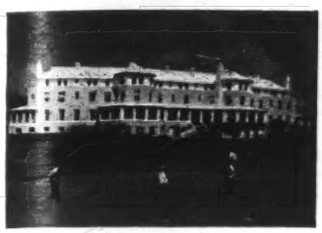

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Sports

The Sad Science

THOSE HARDY READERS who examine this space each week may have detected a note of acerbity which creeps into your correspondent's writing whenever he deals with the subject of professional boxing. To be frank about it, your correspondent is of the opinion that professional boxing stinks.

Take the case of last month's world middleweight championship bout involving Carl "Bobo" Olson and Randolph Turpin.

In the last five years of professional boxing, there have been many bouts worse than that in which Olson beat Turpin. At any rate, it wasn't a mismatch—that is to say, Olson and Turpin were boxers of approximately the same class and there was no great harm in either of them. Olson and Turpin were on their feet at the conclusion of the 15 rounds and neither had been damaged extensively. None of the customers had succumbed to slumber but, for that matter, no one clamored for the two gladiators to be re-matched.

But the Olson-Turpin fight emphasized the sorry state into which professional boxing has fallen. The bout drew 18,869 persons, a fact which is a tribute to the earnest efforts of the publicity staff and a monument to the gullibility of the sporting public.

The truth of the matter is that if the Olson-Turpin match had been staged 15 years ago, when a few handy boxers still were at large, it wouldn't have attracted enough customers to crowd the men's room at City Hall. It was the publicists rather than the boxers who drew the 18,869 sight-seers to last month's show in Madison Square Garden.

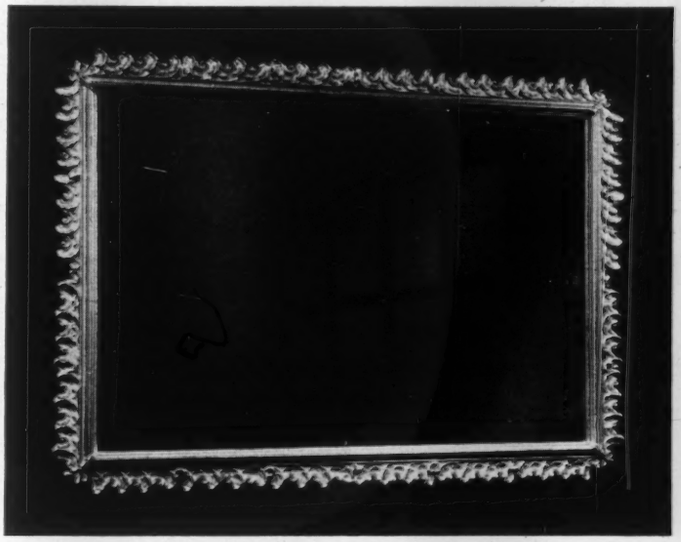
Olson and Turpin were only two second-raters, but the promoters, with the generous co-operation of the American press and radio, deluded the public into believing that the bout would be another of those "Battles of the Century."

Actually, the promoters had considerable gall in presenting Turpin as a world championship contender when you consider that, slightly more than two years earlier, he had given a lamentably poor performance in a New York ring. That 1951 performance should have been enough to convince Turpin that it was time to hang up his gloves and resume his rightful place in the building trades.

In London, on July 10, 1951, Turpin had his one brief taste of glory when he won a 15-round decision over an over-fed and under-trained Sugar Ray Robinson.

For half-a-dozen years prior to that, the kept boxing press of the United States had been referring to Robinson as "pound for pound, the best boxer in the world." The Robinson legend had begun to wear a bit thin when he fought Jake Lamotta a

RARE CHARM . . .



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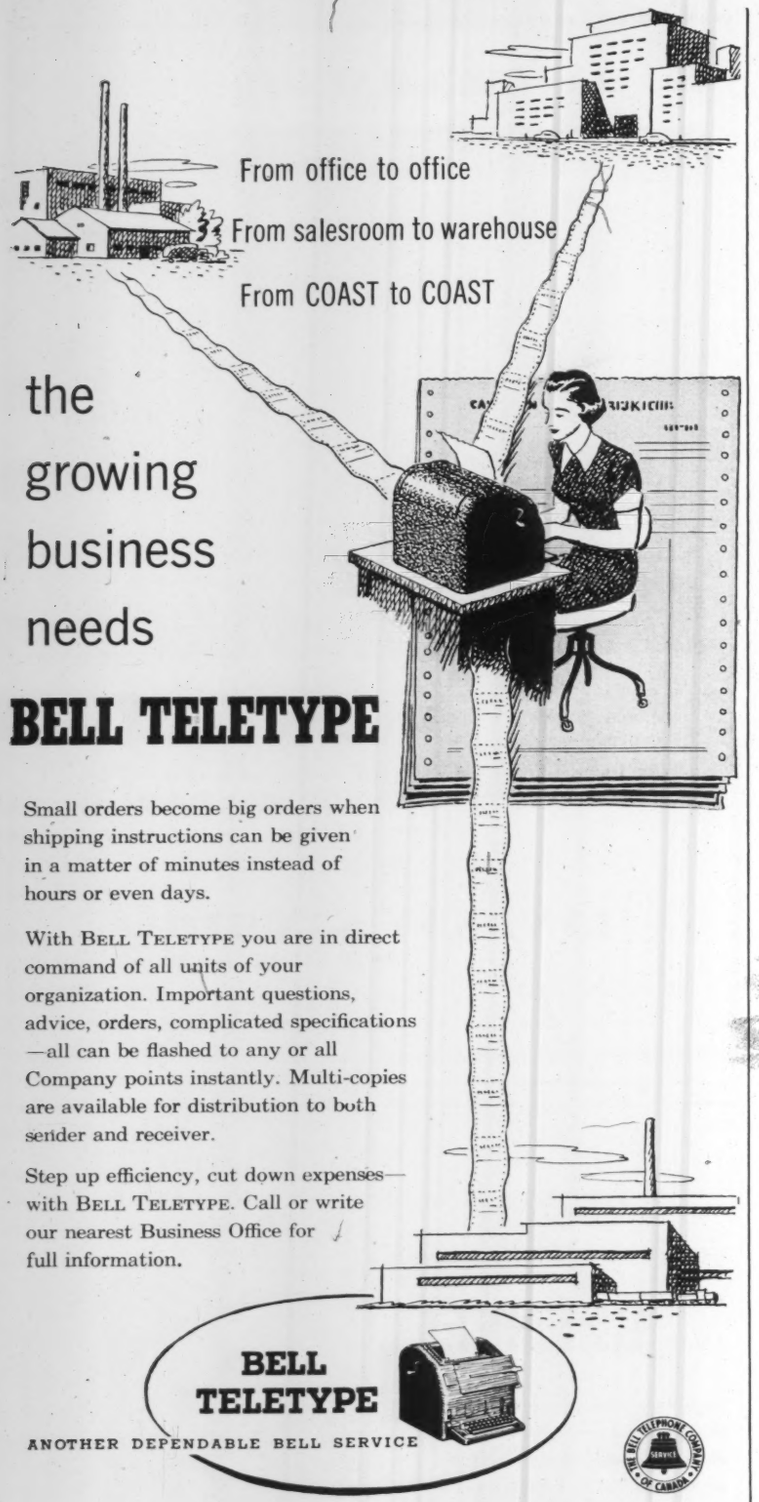
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few months before his London adventure. The slow-footed, ponderous Lamotta had punched holes in Robinson's head for nine rounds before he made the simple but nearly-fatal mistake of stepping into the path of a desperation punch.

So, when Turpin fought Robinson in London in 1951, he was fighting only a shadow of Robinson at his best. Furthermore, Robinson had been training in night-clubs and on the boulevards of Europe's capital cities. Robinson isn't a drinker but he loves the bright lights. The combination of late nights and rich food can cause a boxer more harm than a 10-day bout with the grape.

When Robinson climbed into the ring to meet Turpin, he was dreaming still of the crêpes suzettes at Jack Carpentier's restaurant on the Champs Elysées. The first time that Turpin struck Robinson in the stomach, Sugar Ray tasted those crêpes suzettes and he reminded himself that they were one item which would be removed from his diet.

A few rounds later, Turpin again connected with Sugar Ray's rather pendulant belly. "Oops," muttered Robinson, putting one gloved hand over his mouth quickly, "that must be those snails I ate at *Le Lapin Agile* in Montmartre."

Every time that Turpin hit Robinson that evening, Sugar Ray was confronted by dancing visions of Parisian menus. Turpin's 15-round victory over Robinson was a tribute to the austerity of the British post-war diet.

Big Jim Norris's International Boxing Club has done much to ruin boxing in the United States but Jim never can be accused of lacking business acumen. While Robinson still was stuffing himself with bicarbonate of soda, he was signed for a return match in New York with the Englishman who had deprived him of his world title. It wasn't difficult to sign Turpin, who had heard those stories to the effect that Broadway is paved with gold.

The publicity for the return bout in the Polo Grounds on September 12, 1951, was magnificent. Jim Norris couldn't have had better results if he had written the stuff himself. Turpin, who had been boxing in sound, if unspectacular, fashion since he was 16, suddenly found himself described as a tiger and a veritable assassin in the ring. Robinson still was described as "pound for pound, the best boxer in the world," but the world had shrunk alarmingly in a few short years.

Your correspondent, against his better judgment, witnessed the New York bout on the orders of his employers. I couldn't see the bout too well from my seat in the first-base press box but I could smell it. I have preserved my notes of that evening and I see that, after three rounds, I wrote, "Turpin has nothing." Three rounds later, I wrote, "Robinson has nothing."

Finally, in the 10th round, peering through my binoculars, I saw Robinson hit Turpin the only decent punch of the fight. Turpin swooned into the ropes and it was all over.

Your correspondent doesn't pretend to be an expert boxing critic, but I have seen enough championship fights to know the difference between a good one and a bad one. I was writing a syndicated column at the time and, after due consideration, I expressed the opinion that Robinson and Turpin were well past their prime as boxers and I suggested further that, if Marcel Cerdan still had been alive, he could have licked both of them in the same evening.

The response to that particular column was very flattering. The only fan-letters which I had been receiving up until that time were from my mother, my Aunt Sadie in Carleton Place and the finance company. Overnight, I became a success; my correspondents referred to me as "sourpuss," "sore-head," "imbecile" and "half-wit." It was suggested that I must have been watching the fight from the bar of the Biltmore Hotel. (I wish I *had* watched it from the bar of the Biltmore, if the truth must be told.)

Well, no event which has transpired since then has caused me to change my original estimate of the Robinson and Turpin I watched.

Subsequently, the bored and tired Robinson returned to the ring in 1952 and engaged in his last three bouts. He had enough skill left to out-smart the punchless Olson in 15 rounds and he flattened a complacent Rocky Graziano in three. Then he moved into the light-heavyweight ranks to fight Joey Maxim, who never could punch his way through a sheet of tissue paper. It was a very hot night and the Robinson myth was destroyed completely when he couldn't hurt Maxim and finally collapsed from exhaustion in the 14th round.

That was the last fight for Robinson.

The promoters must have reasoned that the fickle boxing-public had forgotten Turpin's miserable performance of 1951 when they had the nerve to resurrect him for last month's bout with Olson. Very simply, Turpin looked two years older, two years slower and two years worse.

On the television screen, Olson appeared to be a nice, clean-cut fellow who, undoubtedly, is very fond of his mother. But I doubt seriously if Olson could lick my large boxer male (registered name: Blazette's Kokomo) or Constable Terence O'Flaherty who patrols the beat outside my house.

For that matter, I doubt that Olson could lick his mother if his mother was having a very good night.

JIM COLEMAN

•

Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, federal minister of agriculture, will address the Regina Women's Liberal Club at its first meeting of the fall season, Friday at 2.45 p.m. in the YWCA. Mrs. R. H. Milliken, president, will preside at the meeting which is open to all interesting persons.—*Regina Leader-Post.*

But who decides?

•

Fly to Europe high above the weather in the living room comfort of a pasteurized cabin.—*An announcement heard over a Toronto radio station.*

Along the milky way, no doubt.

Business

Sales Taxes in Canada: The Hidden Burden

By J. R. PETRIE

LAST YEAR every man, woman and child in Canada paid nearly $50 in general sales taxes to the federal and five provincial governments, or nearly 75 per cent as much as was taken from them by the federal income tax. This toll does not include, however, additional federal sales taxes (or excise taxes, as Ottawa calls them) paid by Canadians when they buy automobiles, candy, tobacco, liquor, furs, radio and television sets, refrigerators, stoves and other goods singled out for heavier taxation. This article deals with what are usually called "general sales taxes," which are imposed on all goods save those specifically exempted by law.

The general sales tax is not new, and it has never been popular. It has been the child of fiscal adversity, imposed to raise revenue when other alternatives were lacking. The federal tax was imposed in 1920, when the government was faced with extraordinarily heavy expenditures arising out of World War I. The five provinces using the tax were forced to it by a lack of other funds in the face of ever-expanding expenditures.

It is so stout a revenue producer that, once imposed, it almost invariably becomes a permanent feature of the tax system (Alberta is perhaps the only taxing jurisdiction in North America to abandon it after a fair trial), despite the sharpest kind of political attack. The history of the federal sales tax portrays opposition parties decrying the tax vociferously when in opposition, but increasing and defending it when in power. Thus we find the Conservatives demanding its immediate abolition in 1928. In 1931, when they were back in power, they raised it from 1 to 4 per cent (and later to 6 per cent) over bitter Liberal opposition. When the Liberals regained power, they increased the tax to 8 per cent in 1936, and in 1951 to 10 per cent, where it now stands.

Similar circumstances surround the provincial taxes, and the imposition of the 4 per cent tax in New Brunswick in 1950 is considered in large part responsible for the fall of the Liberal Regime in that province last year. It is to be noted, however, that the new Conservative Government, in power now for more than a year, has been unable to reduce the tax rate. Probably the sales tax in New Brunswick is a permanent fixture in the revenue structure, as it apparently is in four other provinces.

The unpopularity of the sales tax stems from a number of arguments, most of which boil down to the charge that it is unfair because it hits the lower income groups (particularly large families) harder than their wealthier neighbors. Even if this is true, what is the alternative? The sales tax abolitionists have no answer to the $600 million loss to the federal government were the tax repealed. It is inconceivable that this amount could be added to income tax without most serious political and economic consequences, and there appears to be no room for adding it to other taxes. Neither does there seem to be an answer to the $90 million loss to five provinces if their sales taxes were eliminated. What, for example, would happen in Newfoundland, which gets two-thirds of its total tax revenues from the sales tax?

All of the provinces, save Quebec, have given up the corporate and personal income taxes and their death duties under the Dominion-Provincial tax agreements. They have exploited pretty fully such levies as the gasoline tax and automobile licences, taxes on resources, and profits on liquor sales, and the property tax must be left largely to the revenue-hungry municipalities. Thus the sales tax is the only major revenue source left to a province confronted with costs which are outstripping revenues. Its abolition would cause financial disaster or a drastic reduction of "necessary" government service.

Setting the question of tax equity aside for the moment, there is a difference between the federal and provincial taxes which is fundamental to an appraisal of their relative merits and demerits. The federal tax is paid by the manufacturer of taxable goods who acts as the government's tax collector. He passes the tax on by including it in his invoice price, and eventually it is paid by the final purchaser. Obviously the amount of tax is hidden in the ultimate price, and the average taxpayer more often than not forgets about it. This process of taxpayer anaesthetization has relegated criticism of the tax pretty much to the opposition benches of the House of Commons and the pens of a few academics whose opinions to date have been consistently ignored.

The provincial taxes, on the other hand, are not hidden. They cannot be. The constitution requires that all provincial taxes be collected directly from the persons meant to pay them, so that the sales tax must be collected at the retail level and be billed separately to the consumer. The retailers act as tax collectors, and they are allowed from 2 to 4 per cent of their collections to compensate them for costs. The consumer is always aware of the tax every time he makes a purchase, and consequently is irked—thus the abortive attempt by some provinces two years ago to have the constitution amended to allow the imposition of a hidden tax.

The chief point in favor of the federal form of sales tax (apart from its handsome yield, next only to the corporate and personal income taxes) is the relative ease of both administration and enforcement. Since it is collected by the manufacturer (and a few wholesalers under certain conditions), the government has to deal with and police only about 34,000 collectors, compared, for example, with the task of dealing with some 1,500,000 income taxpayers and untold employers who deduct income tax at the source.

AN IMPORTANT criticism of the federal tax is the pyramiding that takes place between the manufacturer and the final consumer. This occurs because the middlemen's markup is based on a tax-paid figure, so that, in effect, the consumer often pays more than the actual tax. For example, if a 10 per cent tax is placed on a $100 article, the manufacturer invoices it at $110. If the wholesaler uses a 10 per cent markup, his invoice price is $121. If the retailer uses a 25 per cent markup, the price to the consumer is $151.25. Had there been no tax, the retail price would have been $137.50, so that the consumer has paid an extra $13.75, when the tax actually received by the government was only $10.

Another general criticism (there are a number of technical features of the tax that should be remedied, but space precludes their discussion) is the fact that the tax is hidden. This writer has a strong personal bias against concealed levies which do not add to the public's tax consciousness.

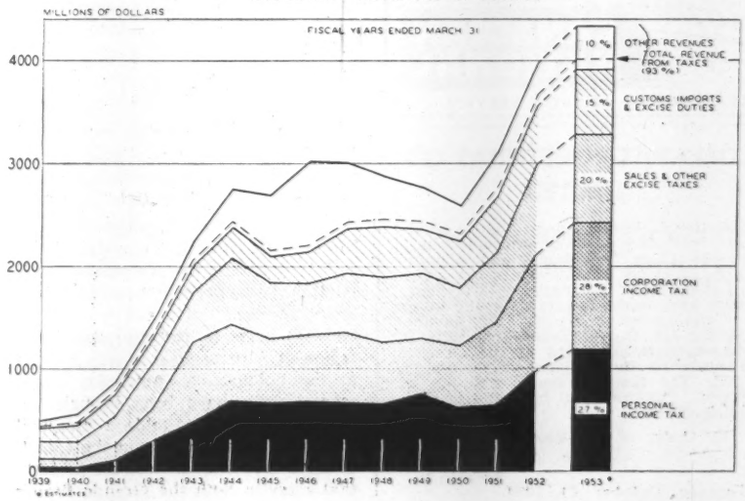
The provincial form of tax at the retail level avoids the problem of pyramiding, but it is more difficult to police because of the very large number of retailers who act as collectors. Revenue loss occurs as a result of poor maintenance of records, misapplication of the tax, and straight illegal evasion. Nevertheless, the record indicates that generally the retail sales taxes are collected effectively.

Returning now to the major criticisms of sales taxes, i.e., that they fall more heavily on the poor than on the higher income groups, there is no really conclusive evidence indicating how the sales tax burden is distributed. But obviously the spreading of the relative burden among income groups depends upon what commodities are free of tax. Under the federal tax most foods are exempt, as well as most building materials, power and fuel. Thus food and shelter, major family budget items, are tax-free.

Official statistics (used by the Minister of Finance in his Budget Speech of April 10, 1951) indicate that the sales tax does not touch about two-thirds of the expenditures made by families with less than $7,000 income. In the lowest group, about 75 per cent of the family expenditures are tax-free. A similar pattern is found under the provincial sales taxes. If these figures are reasonably accurate, they indicate that some of the alleged hard-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

BUDGETARY REVENUES BY SOURCE



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FONDS DE PLACEMENT DES RESSOURCES DU CANADA LTÉE

NOTICE is hereby given that a 12th dividend of THREE CENTS per share has been declared on the outstanding Common Shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on November 16th, 1953, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on October 31st, 1953, and to holders of Bearer Share Warrants on presentation of Coupon No. 12 on and after November 16th, 1953, as stated therein.

By order of the Board.
ADJUTOR SAVARD,
Secretary.

Montreal, Que., October 29th, 1953.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending November 30, 1953, payable on the 1st day of December, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 3rd day of November, 1953. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.
R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 23, 1953.

Gold & Dross

C. W. Lindsay and Co.

I HOLD *a small number of shares of C. W. Lindsay and Co. Ltd. preferred. Could you tell me why there has been some activity in this stock lately? Is it possible that dividend payments will be resumed? Should I hold or sell?—R. S., Montreal.*

As this company is one of the largest radio and music dealers in the Montreal area, the revival of interest in this stock would seem to be predicated upon the hope that, with the advent of television in the Montreal area, the company may show a change in the trend of its earnings.

Last year the company showed a loss of $40,136. This compares with a net loss of $14,374 for the year ending March 31, 1952 and a profit of $20,951 in the previous year.

As the arrears on the preferred stock now stand at $92.55 per share, and the preferred has a prior claim on earnings, there are apparently some hopes being entertained that these arrears may be reduced. As control of the company is held by Woodhouse and Co., who hold 25,017 common shares and 2,718 preferred, it is possible that these arrears may be eliminated by a revision in the financial structure. To maintain working capital, a stock dividend could be paid in lieu of cash.

As the stock is closely held, it is suggested that you retain your position at this time in the expectation that the next annual report may show a considerable improvement in the affairs of the company.

Suquash Collieries

I AM INTERESTED *in Suquash Collieries Ltd. purchased almost two years ago. Would you please advise if further holding is warranted? — J. S., Vancouver.*

With fuel oils moving into a very competitive position on the West Coast, the outlook for coal does not appear to be too good. Financing appears difficult for this project if the present offering at 40 cents is any guide.

Liberal Petroleums

I HAVE SOME *shares in Liberal Petroleums Ltd. I should like to have your opinion on this stock.—Mrs. R. W. M., Edmonton.*

Liberal is one of the junior oil companies with minority interests in several large areas. In association with Hudson Bay Oil and Gas, it holds a 13.99 per cent interest in a block of 100,000 acres in the Sturgeon Lake region of Alberta. Part of this is close to the holdings of Amerada, where several wells have been brought in. The company also holds a marginal interest in a full section in the Lloydminster field and an interest in 100,000 acres in both the Grande Prairie and Valleyview areas in conjunction with Hudson Bay.

If oil or gas is found in these areas, Liberal will be entitled to a 10 per cent carried interest in Valleyview wells and a 33 1/3 per cent interest in the Grande Prairie wells.

Its interest in producing wells is confined to four. The company has a 10 per cent interest in one well in the Leduc field and a 60 per cent interest in three wells in the Lone Rock field in Saskatchewan.

The sustaining interest in the stock would seem to be predicated upon the possibilities that the oil formations discovered by Amerada in the Sturgeon Lake sector will extend into the Hudson Bay-Liberal acreage. With the stock now trading at 79 cents, a level that shows a considerable improvement from the low of 35 cents, it would appear worthwhile to hold your position in expectation of further favorable developments in the Sturgeon Lake area.

Yankee Canuck

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion of Yankee Canuck Oils? Is there any future for these shares? I purchased several thousand at 40 cents per share.—G. S. P., Saskatoon.*

Yankee Canuck is a small oil company with interests in 11 producing wells in the Leduc, Bonnyville and Bashaw areas of Alberta. As these interests vary from 20 to 40 per cent, it is evident that the production income from these holdings is not sufficient to maintain the working capital position. A year ago this stood at $148,000. Total assets were shown then at $1,056,784, which, on the basis of the 4.3 million shares outstanding, is about 24 cents per share.

Because typical oil company bookkeeping practice is to classify drilling expenditures, whether lost in a dry hole or not, as an asset, this total asset per share figure cannot be taken at face value. The current quotation of 8-10 cents bears eloquent witness of this. It seems apparent that the situation has deteriorated considerably since the statement was issued on July 31, 1952. No drilling news has been released by the company for quite some time. However, until a balance sheet is made available for the last fiscal year, it is impossible to ascertain its financial position.

Speaking generally, the prospects are not good for any of the oil companies without sufficient production revenue, and the reserves to maintain production revenue, to offset the expenditures for lease rentals, drilling costs, etc. Oil, unfortunately, is a big money game, and unless a company can maintain sufficient working capital in its treasury to continue active exploration and development work, it will either become stagnant, living within its income, or go bankrupt.

With the general oil market showing signs of a recovery from the over-

sold position that resulted from extensive distress selling from undermargined accounts, the brutal process of separating the sheep from the goats will now take place. While general rules are always hard to apply, it would seem that, broadly speaking, only companies with oil reserves in excess of a million barrels, working capital in excess of $1 million and, most important, production revenue near the million-dollar mark should be considered. Holdings in small companies should be switched into the largest and strongest ones. This follows the old trading maxim of "stick to the leaders." The leaders will always out-perform the general market and thus afford the maximum opportunity of recovering capital losses.

Selection, always critical, is of paramount importance now. With the available market for western oil being limited by the highly competitive conditions that exist in the world markets (oil can now be delivered at San Francisco by tanker from the Middle East more cheaply than Alberta oil through the Trans Mountain Pipeline), it is evident that production restrictions will hurt the small companies much more severely than the larger ones. Meanwhile, the companies who are able to continue drilling programs will slowly increase their share of total output.

Abasand Oils

CAN YOU *tell me anything about Abasand Oils Ltd.? Are the shares I hold worth anything? — J. R. B., North Bay, Ont.*

At last report, this company was inactive. Formerly it operated a separation plant and refinery near Fort McMurray in northern Alberta, where an attempt was made to develop a process for extracting oil from the tar sands.

The search still continues for a commercial method of extracting oil from these tar sands, quite a number of companies having attempted it. As there is no market for the stock at the present time, you have no other choice but to hold it in the hope that some effort will be made to revive the company.

Ford of Canada

I HAVE SOME *shares of Ford of Canada "A" bought some years ago at 30. The dividends on these, plus the special dividend declared early this year, bring a good return at the present market value. In your opinion would I be wise to sell these shares at a profit and reinvest the money in Bell Telephone shares?*

I am wondering if the present prosperous conditions in the motor industry will prevail, and permit further extra dividends, or is a slump bound to come. It seems to me that with so many new cars around this year that next year's sales are bound to be lower.—E. N. R., Sackville, NB.

Your thinking on this situation seems correct. It is difficult to believe that the lush sales of last Spring and Summer will be repeated next year. With reports from various sources indicating that delinquent accounts on time purchase sales are increasing rapidly, it is evident that the market for new cars will contract considerably in the coming year.

While the desire of the consumer to purchase new automobiles and other consumer durables may still be there, it is increasingly evident that his ability to pay is not. The pressure to sell the swollen inventories of today is all too evident in the drives of car dealers and others to dispose of the heavy stocks on hand. Used cars are a drug on the market and dealers are going into the slow winter season with exceptional holdings.

From the action of Ford stock, which has been much better than General Motors or Chrysler, it appears that very heavy offerings exist just above the 63-64 trading range it has worked in for some time. From this action, and other indications, it is considered to be definitely in a selling range for long term accounts.

Bell Telephone, with trading action in the rights churning up considerable market action, appears to be in the upper half of its 34-40 trading range. It would appear to be better tactics at this time to defer purchase of Bell Telephone until the yield improves to around 6 per cent. It now yields 5.3 per cent. Thus for the short term it is recommended that you place your funds in Government bonds, where a yield of 3¾ per cent is available. A slight loss in yield between that figure and the 4.7 per cent now available from Ford would seem well worth while paying as a premium to insure the safety of your capital.

In Brief

I AM INTERESTED *to know if Eva Lake Gold Mines shares are of any value. In 1951 I purchased, through correspondence, 2,000 shares. Since then I have not heard any news from the company.—Mrs. S. W., Desboro, Ont.*

According to our records, this company has been idle since 1938. Your shares are of no value.

CAN YOU *tell me if shares in Oil City Royalties are of any value?—I. D., Drumheller, Alberta.*

No value.

WOULD YOU *advise the purchase of shares in Central Industries Ltd.? I understand the company is attempting to reopen the Bowron River Coal Mine.—R. D., Victoria, B.C.*

No.

AS A SPECULATION *would you say that Lake Osu is a buy at 18 cents?—C. L. F., Brockville, Ont.*

No. Prospects seem limited.

WHERE WOULD *you advise selling Nesbitt Labine?—M. H., Aylmer, Ont.*

On a recovery to 2.00.

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of American Leduc as a speculation?—R. W. A., Summerside, PEI.*

No.

WOULD YOU *advise selling Stadacona Mines at present prices?—E. J. C., Windsor.*

No.

WOULD YOU *consider Pontiac Petroleums a good speculative buy at the present price of 1.40?—C. M. A., Outremont, Que.*

No.

W. P. SNEAD

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*Prices are quoted "and accrued interest".

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

On October 20th, 1953, a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company, payable December 5th, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business October 30th, 1953.

Montreal *JAMES A. DILLEA*
October 20th, 1953 *Secretary*

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 265

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the first day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1953.

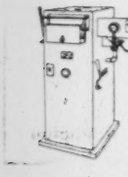
By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 13, 1953.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Extra Distribution

Notice is hereby given that a bonus of twenty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the year ending 30th November, 1953 and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October 1953.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 13, 1953.



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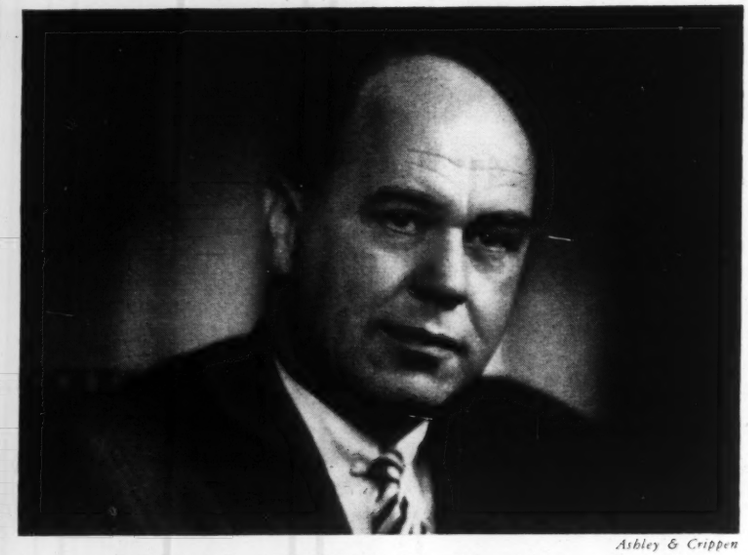

Ashley & Crippen

THOMAS S. JOHNSTON: They kept right on going.

Who's Who in Business

THOMAS STUART JOHNSTON became the first employee of the Interprovincial Pipeline Company in the days when the idea of pumping oil from West to East was merely a pipe dream. Today he is the company's President and the pipeline is very much a reality extending, as it does, from Alberta's oilfields 1,700 miles East to Sarnia.

The soft-spoken oilman was picked as Vice-President of the new company back in 1949. With a handful of other executives he flew over the first portion of the projected route and construction work began shortly afterwards. Johnston recalls: "Things went so well to schedule that when we got to Regina we decided to keep right on going. The pipeline reached Superior within 150 days." (The final 600 miles of the route will be completed this month.)

This intensely personal attitude towards the $200 million project is typical of Johnston. A few weeks back, when engineers were busy laying 21,000 feet of pipeline almost 250 feet under water across the rugged Straits of Mackinac, he casually hopped a plane from Toronto and flew up (about 500 miles) to see how things were going. Returning the same evening he got on the telephone to the company's Edmonton office—which he visits two or three times a year—to tell them about the progress. He makes frequent trips to New York and Washington on matters connected with the section which passes through the U.S.

Interpro's President brings intelligence and experience to the problems connected with the distribution of oil. He is anxious that others understand them too, and explains eagerly, both personally and through the booklets he hands out, the benefits the 1,700-mile pipeline will bring to the East.

Although he was unaware of it at the time, his very first job—as a dockside clerk in New York for the Standard Shipping Company—set the pattern for what has become a lifelong career. In his quarter century in the oil business he has arranged for the transportation of oil in almost every conceivable way over land and on the water.

In 1941 he became Assistant Manager of the marine department of the Lago Oil and Transport Company in the West Indies and three years later went to South America to make a study of transportation methods for a tropical oil company. He found that increasing oil demands were placing an excessively heavy burden on the Magdalena (Colombia) river boats and recommended that a pipeline be built instead. It was.

Back in Canada he joined Imperial Oil's marine department and within two years was Assistant to the Vice-President in charge of Transport and Supply, the post he left in 1949.

Although he was born (47 years ago) in Sarnia, where his grandfather had been the first Mayor, Tom Johnston is an American citizen and attended school in Massachusetts, as does his 14-year-old son, Kenneth, now. But he chooses to live north of the border. His 125-year-old house in West Toronto is surrounded by fruit trees and is tastefully furnished with period furniture.

He likes old things and even his fourth-floor office contains French Provincial lamps, bronze models of prehistoric animals and framed maps printed in the 17th and 18th centuries. The maps are mostly of land and sea trade routes—plotted in the days before anyone had thought of a pipeline.

JOHN WILCOCK

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SIMPSONS, LIMITED

COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable December 15, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 13, 1953.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, October 23, 1953.

Silverwood Dairies, Limited

Class "A" Dividend No. 29

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable January 4th, 1954, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 30th, 1953.

Class "B" Dividend No. 24

Notice is also given that a dividend of ten cents (10c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable January 4th, 1954, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 30th, 1953.

By order of the board.

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary

London, Ontario,
October 16th, 1953.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a bonus of Thirty Cents (30c) per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the year ending 31st October, 1953, payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Tuesday, the First day of December, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st October, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 21st October, 1953.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the English and American Insurance Company Limited, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C1430 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance.

Bonds

The Finance Companies

THE BUYING "on time" of motor vehicles, electrical appliances and other goods, now has the same public acceptance as the purchase of a house by a mortgage, and credit is recognized as a highly useful and necessary part of everyday life.

The Finance Companies play an important part in making credit available — in assisting people to buy and enjoy necessary durable articles that otherwise they might not have been able to acquire—and they have grown big and strong doing so. The post-war years have seen an unprecedented demand for credit to buy goods of various kinds, and in particular to buy motor vehicles. The automobile, for a great many people no longer a luxury but a strict necessity, has encouraged a great tide of borrowing.

In Canada there are two national companies who are leaders in the automotive field, Industrial Acceptance Corporation Limited and Traders Finance Corporation Limited. Both of these companies are highly regarded in the world of finance. Their secured notes and debentures are legal investments for insurance companies and are in constant demand as well from all other classes of investors.

As Traders Finance has had the most recent debentures financing, we have chosen that company for discussion.

The company was formed in 1920 and now has 57 branches across Canada. It is chiefly in the business of financing automobiles, trucks and tractors, and its primary operation is purchasing credit wholesale and selling it retail. The company obtains money to lend to customers by borrowing from the banks and by selling secured notes, debentures and other securities to the insurance companies and the public. It is understood that Traders Finance has one of the largest lines of credit from their banks of any company in Canada.

Traders Finance has two main types of customers. The first is the automobile dealer. The dealer is advanced money within certain limits to pay for new cars which he is purchasing for re-sale. The average repayment period for such a loan is 45 days. The second user of credit is the person who buys the car from the dealer. In this instance Traders supplies the money to cover the purchase in part of either a new or a second-hand automobile. In the latter instance the down payment is higher. Loans of this kind are repayable for periods varying from a few months to eighteen months or more.

Traders Finance, in extending credit to both dealers and individual purchasers, fully protects its loans. Conditional sales agreements are entered into and promissory notes written, which in most cases bear the endorsement of the dealer. In addition, full insurance is carried, as well as life insurance on most of the purchasers of automobiles. Such precautions have resulted in a remarkable loss record of less than one-tenth of one per cent during the last 15 years.

We mentioned previously that Traders Finance obtained money to lend to its customers from the banks and from the sale of its securities to the public. As investors, we are interested in the latter and in particular the notes, debentures, Preferred and Common stocks. Traders Finance notes are normally issued for any period from 30 days up to one year and currently bear interest from 3 to 4 per cent, depending on the term. Such short term notes, because of the complications of book-keeping, are not issued in lesser amounts than $50,000. It is a common practice of insurance companies and industrial concerns, to avail themselves of these generous rates for "short period" investment of surplus funds.

Traders Finance has had numerous debentures maturing for varying periods but generally of about a 15-year duration. Among these have been convertible debentures and those carrying "warrants." A recent Traders issue is $4 million 5½ per cent Sinking Fund Debentures due October 1, 1969, priced at $100 to give a return on the investment of 5½ per cent.

An investor considering the debentures of Finance Companies should keep two important points in mind. Firstly, the security behind the debentures is, in the final analysis, cash. Promissory notes are paid and money is on hand to meet obligations. Secondly, the company could stop doing business today and over a period, probably of less than one year, all loans would be repaid and all debenture holders could be paid off.

These two points make the issues attractive for their liquidity. It is to be kept in mind, too, that junior to the debentures are millions of dollars worth of preferred or common shares, or both. From the debenture holders' standpoint, it is a matter of no great concern whether the car market booms or breaks. If it booms, the value of added earnings helps to make the investment stronger. If the car market becomes inactive, business contracts and the debentures are called for redemption. Either way the debenture holder is well protected.

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•

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NEW DELHI shares advanced in the past month from 50c to $1.29, a GAIN of 158%

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and numerous other Uranium, Oil, Gold or Base Metal shares on the Toronto Stock Exchange have marked up substantial gains in recent weeks.

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The First Oil Boom in Alberta

A FEW RUSTY SCRAPS of drilling equipment lying in the brush is all that is left of Oil City today. The ghost town, just off the hard, smooth Akamina Highway, Waterton Lakes National Park in southwestern Alberta, was the scene of the province's first oil boom back in the Nineties.

One of the first white men to learn of the oil seepage in the Waterton country in the high Rockies, southwest of the present Pincher Creek field with its huge reserves of wet gas, was "Old Man" William Aldridge of Cardston, a settlement on Lee's Creek founded by the Mormons in 1887.

The "Bill Aldridge" story is now a legend in the foothills country, but the facts fortunately have been preserved in an affidavit that is today part of the history of Alberta oil.

Here is a copy of the affidavit:

In the matter of the discovery and sale of oil on Cameron Creek, formerly called Oil Creek, west of Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta.

I, Oliver Aldridge, of the Town of Cardston, in the province of Alberta, engineer, do solemnly declare that I lived with my father, William Aldridge, at Waterton Lakes National Park in the years 1898 to 1904.

That my father had heard of an oil seepage somewhere in the district and set out to find it. I accompanied him and with pack outfits we followed the old trail through the pass next to Cameron Creek.

We stopped for lunch on Cameron Creek about 300 yards down the creek from the present site of the old Lineham well. On going to the creek for a pail of water, I as a boy then about 13 years of age, noticed a hole in the gravel on the edge of the creek where it appeared animals had been rolling and saw that the water was all black.

I called to father and asked him to come down and see this "black water." When my father saw this he said:

"My gosh, boy—it's oil!"

That for nearly seven years my father and his large family made their living by the sale of this oil, which they got through saturating sacks in the oil as it came to the surface of the water and bringing this out for use and carrying it by pack train down to Waterton Lake Park and thence on to Cardston and intermediate district. The practice of selling this oil in the summer and fish in the winter time was how we obtained our livelihood.

That we got from ten to fifteen gallons of oil daily ordinarily and on one or two occasions I remember we took out about forty gallons in a day.

That I also saw the old Discovery well and worked on it as a labor hand and saw the oil coming out of the well.

That the older residents of Cardston will remember having used the oil and it was sold locally in the stores.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence act.

Declared before me at the town of Cardston in the Province of Alberta, this 2nd day of November, A.D. 1929.

(Signed) OLIVER ALDRIDGE

(Signed) J. Y. CARD, *a commissioner for oaths in and for the Province of Alberta.*

C. FRANK STEELE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ship of the tax is mitigated. It still holds, however, that sales taxes are paid without regard to one's ability to pay them. The poorest of people—even the mendicant—must pay to some extent. They do add to the cost of living, but then all taxes in one way or another reduce the consumer's purchasing power and thereby his standard of living.

The case for sales taxes does not rest on considerations of tax justice, at best an ephemeral concept under any circumstances. There are theoretical arguments for the tax on the grounds that the lowest income groups benefit most from welfare services and should make a modest contribution to the state. Since the income tax cannot be applied to all citizens, the general sales tax is the only means of compelling all to contribute to the public treasury. But the plain facts are that the sales tax is used because it provides ample revenue which can be found from no other acceptable alternative.

Unfortunately, the sales tax has grown without conscious attempts to reconcile its use by both federal and provincial governments. The federal tax is 33 years old, and its demise is not expected in the foreseeable future. Abandonment of the retail tax by the provinces is almost certainly impossible. Probably the tax will be extended to other provinces in the seemingly endless race between expenditures and revenues.

Since we apparently must live with general sales taxes, constructive thought should be given to co-ordination of the federal and provincial taxes. At present there is none, and the resulting overlapping aggravates the overall tax burden and creates duplication of administrative services and costs. The provincial tax is levied on the price of goods already containing the federal tax which itself may have been pyramided.

There is nothing new in federal-provincial tax overlapping. It used to exist when both levels of governments taxed corporate and personal income. That problem was solved by centralizing those taxes in the federal authority. But the same solution in this case is not attractive. An alternative is the transfer of all sales tax collection to the provinces, the revenue to be shared between them and the federal government. The advantages would be (1) elimination of overlapping taxes and duplication of administration; (2) lower costs; and (3) the retail tax would replace the tax at the manufacturers' level with elimination of pyramiding.

The attendant difficulties are great. Ottawa is apparently satisfied with its present tax. Five provinces do not levy a general sales tax, have no established collection machinery, and presumably would not be much interested in collecting a tax for Ottawa. At present, therefore, the existing situation is likely to continue, despite the desirability of some sort of consolidated administration. Here, then, is a problem that merits the careful consideration of legislators and specialists in the field of Dominion-Provincial Relations.

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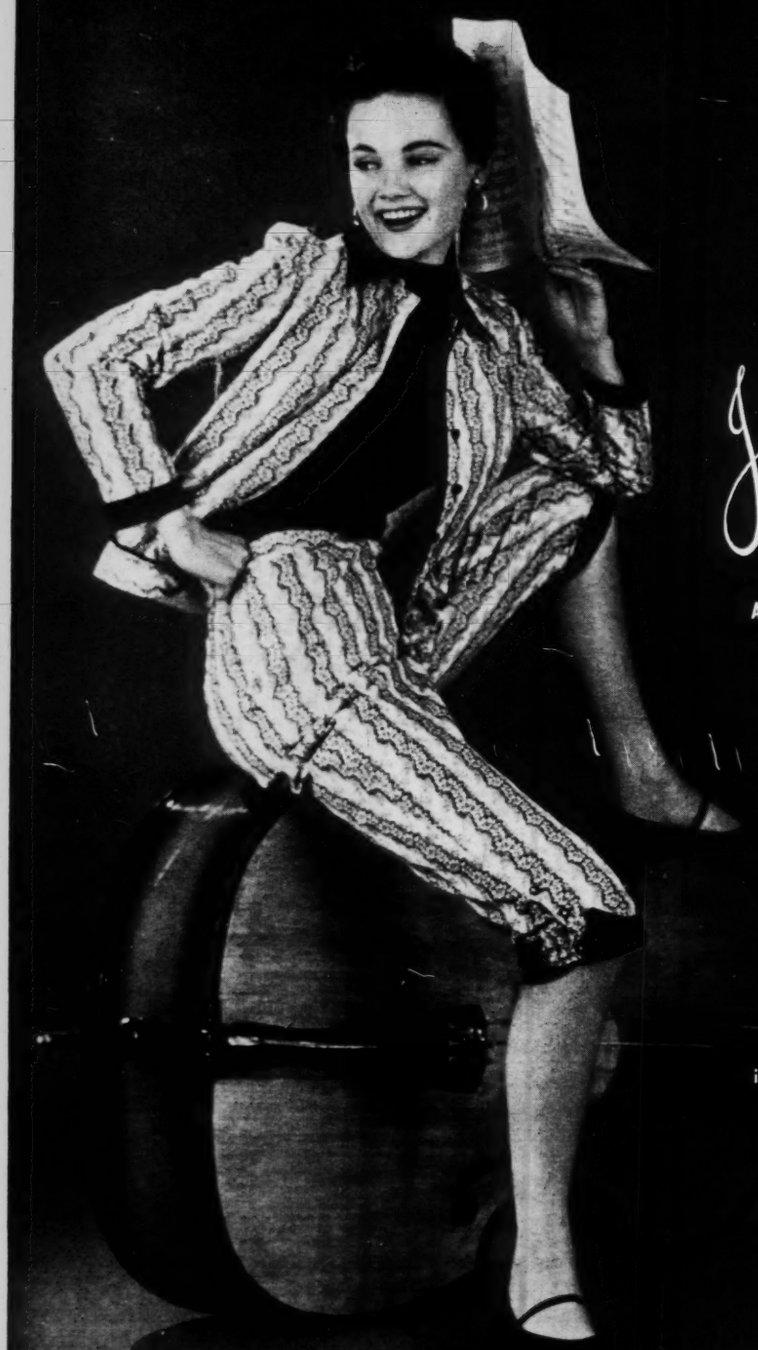

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EATON'S...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION...STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Homes

THIS IS THE time of year when women look at their home furnishings and wonder if it isn't time for a change. And there is certainly no lack of interesting ideas for those who decide to refurnish old rooms or fit out new ones.

We visited the Gallery of Fine Furniture at Eaton's College Street (Toronto) Store recently and were impressed by its presentation of French Provincial and Chinese Modern decor. We liked the quiet formality of the rooms; they seem to add substance to the casual way of modern life, and they provide a flattering background for the fashions of a Coronation period.

The feeling of elegance is stressed here, too, and begins with color: soft, muted shades of the season's browns, greens, gold, blue, and a lot of pink "because women like it." White is used frequently on walls. There is a strong classical feeling in both modern and traditional rooms. This is accented by the use of wallpaper and fabrics with designs showing symbols of Greek and Roman antiquity and accessories of classical influence. The new decorator-selected colors are given classical names.

In the Chinese Modern Television Room, one wall, with a built-in television, radio and record player unit, is dramatically papered in a Chinese print wallpaper in brown, white and green, while the fireplace wall is white. The floor is brown, the modern sofa green. The bright green rug and the gaily colored rubber cushions to stack on the floor in front of the fire or television set are all washable.

Highlight of the Chinese living room is a small European modern clock, its dial encircled with the signs of the Zodiac in black and white, which hangs above a handsome Chinese altar table. The clock is bound and hung with heavy green cord. A lush "Flower Garden" print of coral pink, green and gold on a white ground covers one chair and is used also in draperies. The Lawson-type chesterfield and an oversize pouf are coral pink against white walls. The coffee table is Chinese walnut with a teakwood finish.

The charming graciousness of the eighteenth century is much in evidence in the French Provincial rooms. The entrance hall to the small sitting room is papered in a gold and cocoa scroll design on a white ground, and achieves much dignity in a small space. Louis XVI furniture completes these rooms.

The French Provincial Morning Room has a quaint drum table covered in Athenian pink felt, with a deep white fringe. It is placed in front of delicate floral drapes in pink and green on a white ground, and flanked by two antique chairs with the new green painted-on finish. A handsome table desk with a polished green leather top and pink upholstered chair are on the other side of the fireplace.

LILLIAN ENGLAND

Women

SKETCH *of evening elegance by Jean Miller, for the Billye Vincent Shop, Toronto.*

Conversation Pieces:

AT the opening of Simpson's (Toronto) Downtown Flower Shop recently, a blue orchid attracted a lot of attention. Its name, we were told, is Vanda Corelia. Names are not given lightly to these haughty blooms. A new hybrid orchid must prove to be "true" for approximately seven years before it is given a name. A highlight of the show was the "rose of the year", so named by the Rose Society of Canada. It is a new hybrid tea-rose from Dale's of Brampton, called "Tawny Gold". Wonderful with this season's browns.

Women born under the sign of Scorpio (between Oct. 23 and Nov. 21) are said to be courageous, with great powers of concentration and a love of responsibility, although sometimes they tend to be untidy. For the Scorpio-born, the Fragrance Bureau, England, suggests sharp, fruity perfumes.

Anne M. Smith, of the University of British Columbia library staff, has accepted a year's appointment as a professor in the Japanese School of Librarianship at Keio University, Tokyo, the first Canadian invited to join the faculty.

Not all perfumes bear exotic names—"No. 37 Audley" is named after the present address of the Herb Farm Shop in London. The familiar old Herb Farm Shop, at number 16, was bombed out during the war. It displayed its products in row upon row of apothecary jars around the walls. Now the products are packaged in exact miniature copies of those jars; they include "No. 37 Audley", "London Mist", "Queen's Ransom", and "Night Scented Stock" which was the late Queen Mother's favorite. The oils and scents come from a thousand acres of flowers and herbs in Kent. Now, by an arrangement with a Canadian cosmetic house, they are brought to Montreal where they are compounded, according to the original English formulas, and packaged.

Violinist Dollyanna Thachuk, of Edmonton, has won two scholarships: $200 from Hudson's Bay Company and $500 from the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

British Columbia lays claim to the first professional touring company of children's plays, called "The Holiday Theatre." It has Joy Coghill, Jessie Richardson and Myra Benson among the founders and permanent members. They are presenting a musical, *Bobino*, in Vancouver, every Saturday until Nov. 14.

Weddings: Alison Zimmerman, daughter of William Zimmerman, QC, to Bruce Wymer Taylor, son of Reginald Taylor, both of Toronto; Elizabeth Christina Sutherland, daughter of John Wilfrid Sutherland, to Bremner Rogers, son of Mrs. John Archibald Rogers, both of Ottawa; Willis Alexandra Allan, daughter of Nichol T. Allan of Ottawa, to George Bowes Grasett Foster, son of Mr. H. W. A. Foster, QC, of Toronto; Dr. Lorna Dorothy Barnhouse, daughter of Mrs. F. Barnhouse, of Edmonton, to George Harvey Yates, of Winnipeg, son of Mrs. A. Graham, of Vancouver; Helen Lenore Griffin, daughter of George H. Griffin, of Montreal, to Dr. Eberhard Kummel, son of Dr. Adolf Kummel, of Schwerin, Germany.

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MODELLING *a Royal Stewart mink over grey moonstone bouffant tulle, Mrs. J. D. Heaman, President of the May Court Club of London, chats with Mary Donough Phillips of* Harper's Bazaar.

May Court Members Model Fashions

at opening of Elizabeth Arden Salon in Simpson's store in London.

IN FALL *ensembles: l to r, Mrs. J. D. Heaman, Mrs. D. H. M. Stewart, Mrs. A. W. Banghart.*

COCKTAIL *dress of aquamarine satin is modelled by Mrs. G. McC. Brickenden.*

JILL MILLSAP *in a champagne tulle evening gown with tiny tiara*

CHATTING *at the Arden opening: l to r, W. E. Wyatt, general manager of Simpson's of London, Mrs. R. H. Cronyn, Mrs. T. A. Browne, Mrs. R. H. Reid and Gordon W. Broad, general manager of Elizabeth Arden of Canada.*

Photos: London Free Press

Modern Influence

in One-Room Living

ABOVE: a modern living-room with day-bed, dominated by an oil painting by Professor Carl May, who came to Toronto from his home in Czechoslovakia via Persia where he did a stint of teaching art. In keeping with the hot Persian colors of the painting, the modern Mandarin chair is finished in burnt orange tweed. Alternate planks of birch and oak form the top of the coffee table, which is supported by simple wrought-iron legs.

BELOW: a card room with a day-bed, using household Chinese furniture of the late 17th and 18th century, which have a completely modern look. The Chinese influence is also seen in the wallpaper with its oriental design on a deep brown ground (the color of the design is repeated in the Tampa cloth drapery and the tweed day-bed cover), and in the Chinese Chippendale chairs in green. The permanent card table and chairs are finished in a hand-rubbed double mahogany stain.
Rooms shown at Eaton's College Street Store, Toronto.

Photos: Eaton's Commercial Studio

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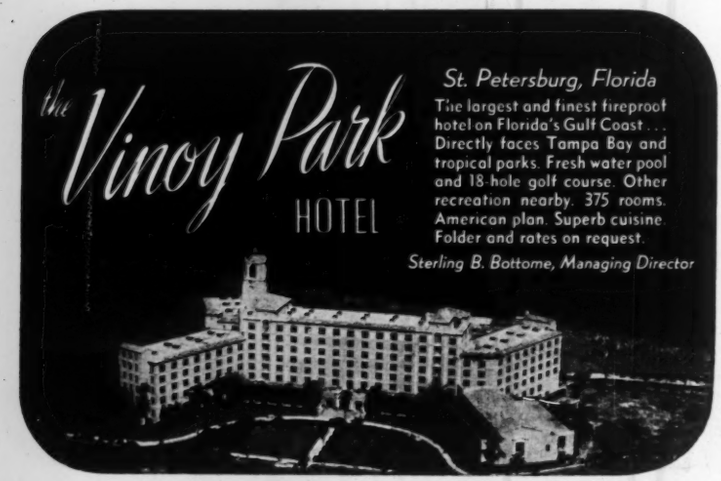
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Dropping a Hint

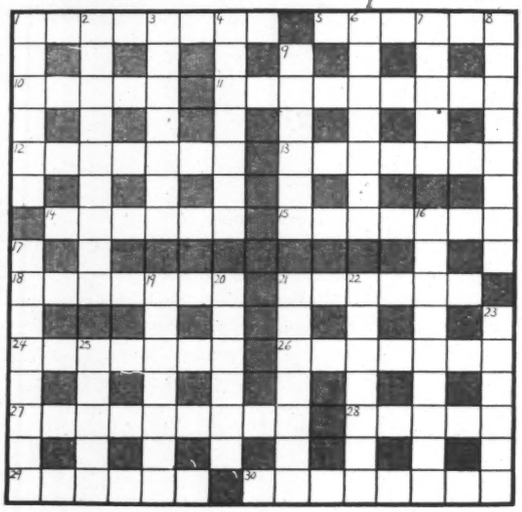
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Try tact mingling with Reds. (8)
5. This bird had influence from the start. (6)
10. "This Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So . . . . . in his great office". (Macbeth) (5)
11. It's a mile back in to eat around here. (9)
12. How Gabriel tricked his opponents at the bridge? (7)
13. Cheesey dwelling. (7)
14. Peel, New York? (6)
15. Get going, my boy! (7)
18. Feeling like a hearty flutter? (7)
21. See 6.
24. In Italy, it's tootled at a shapely limb. (7)
26. Even a man of capital seems to want a change. (7)
27. It's in a mixture of tea and gin. (9)
28. Hitching post, where the filly is well-groomed? (5)
29. Shortly Augustus will get ready the insertion. (6)
30. A shyster, I find, gives me a fit of nerves. (8)

DOWN

1. Shylock's daughter ducked out with them. (6)
2. See 3.
3. 2. A mere nothing, but one too many can cause an overflow. (1,4,2,3,6)
4. Chopping suet takes twenty-four hours. (7)
6. 21 across. From this exalted state it may take a shower to bring you down to earth. (2,2,3,6)
7. Tropical plant climbing up a nail. (5)
8. See 17.
9. Some who make a living at it, are caught in the act. (6)
16. It takes the neatness from the Scotch. (4,5)
17. 8. Upsetting the kidneys, as it were. (8,3,5)
19. I've taken a drop of the supply! (7)
20. Ant in pants? Better chase the others from round about. (3,3)
21. If it sounds like a stingy purchase, you're not far off. (5,2)
22. He's certainly not thrown in his lot with society. (7)
23. And are you one of the del Sartos? (6)
25. Blast those winds! (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Kith
3. See 34
6. Acid
11, 15. Nursing sister
12. Talents
13. Land force
14. Maria
15. See 11
18. Democrat
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22. Panama
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30. Imitate 31. Dresser
32. Nana 33. Adler
34. 3. Alma Mater

DOWN

1. Kindles
2. Turin
4. Augers
5. Extremes
7. Cineraria
8. Distant
9. Tiff 10. Clam
16. Suspicion
17. Eve 19. Oka
20. Befriend
21. 27. Foreign relations
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29. Ousel (286)

Fifty-Five and Bored

There was a time when, being young and fair,
I could spend hours on my skin and hair,
Practise before the mirror—languid, coy—
Breathe on the phone in accents wreathed with joy,
And scheme like any general for a boy.

There was a time when I would blithely sing
Over my chores, watching my flashing ring;
Walk to the grocer's, search with critic eyes
For the best bargains, finding each a prize—
Being the matron, busy, efficient, wise.

There was a time when I would proudly greet
All of my friends along the friendly street;
Wheeling the shining pram, I'd slowly stroll,
Finding delight in the madonna role—
My shield a diapered ground with cereal bowl.

Those times are past . . . I've lost my youthful looks;
My husband finds romance in reading books;
My house is habit, not the world's small hub;
My children, grown, consider me a dub . . . .
I think I'll run for President of my Club!

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Lighter Side

Psychiatrists vs. Santa Claus

"I CAN ONLY stay a minute," I said to Miss A. "I've got to get down and order my Christmas greeting cards."

"Christmas greeting cards already!" Miss A. said.

"I don't have to wait till the stores break out their artificial snow and reindeers," I said. "I know Christmas is on the way when the psychiatrists begin arguing about Santa Claus."

"Sh-h," Miss A. whispered, indicating Rudyard the parrot. "I'd rather he didn't hear about you-know-who."

Rudyard stirred on his perch. "That's the hell of a note," he said morosely, and Miss A. got up, unhooked his cage and put him in the broom closet.

"You mean he's never heard of Santa Claus?" I said.

"Certainly not," Miss A. said, "and if the matter comes up, I shall simply explain to him that there isn't any Santa Claus."

I said after a moment, "What are you going to tell him when he asks you where parrots come from?"

"Uruguay," Miss A. said.

"That's hedging," I said sternly, and she blushed a little.

"The psychiatrists are perfectly right," she said after a moment. "It is always wiser to tell the truth. The myths and fairy-tales with which foolish parents fill their children's minds can do incalculable harm. It's quite possible to destroy a child's sense of values permanently if Santa Claus is used as either a bribe or a threat."

"Let's get this straight," I said. "Would you, for instance, say that it would do a child far more harm to tell him that Santa Claus will come if he's good, than to tell him the psychiatrist will come if he's bad?"

"Absolutely," Miss A. said. "When it's a question of mental health, it is always best to face reality."

She went out to the kitchenette and returned with a bottle of dandelion wine. "In the great war between Santa Claus and the psychiatrists," she went on, "the intelligent adult will always be on the side of the psychiatrist. What would you say, for instance, if your child told you the school psychiatrist said there wasn't any Santa Claus?"

I considered. "I'd probably say that just because I had never seen the psychiatrist was no reason for believing there were no psychiatrists."

"If that's your point of view, then you *ought* to see the psychiatrist," Miss A. retorted, and poured me a glass of dandelion wine.

I answered after a moment, "Anyway, I see Psychiatrist Armour says it is all right to tell children about Santa Claus as long as you do it as a joke. Goodness, when did you lay this lot down?"

"A year ago last June," Miss A. said. "You can take all you like; it's perfectly harmless. As for Dr. Armour, I'm not sure about him; he may be a dangerous deviationist. On the other hand, of course, if you treat Santa Claus in the spirit of fun as he suggests, children aren't so likely to believe in him."

"Then there won't *be* any fun," I said.

"Of course there won't," Miss A. said enthusiastically. "No fairies, no Santa Claus, no leprechauns, no fun! In many ways I envy the children of the next generation. They will see life steadily and see it whole."

She refilled my glass with dandelion wine. I took it steadily and took it whole. "Only there are leprechauns," I said gently. "I was reading about one just the other day. An Irish couple found a dead leprechaun under a leaf and they put it in a bottle and exhibited it at country fairs and made a very nice living until somebody stole it—"

"Rubbish!" Miss A. said. "Who would steal a leprechaun?"

"Probably a couple of other leprechauns," I said.

Miss A. eyed me thoughtfully. "I don't want to hurt your feelings," she said, "but it's easy to see what's the matter with you."

"Nothing's the matter with me," I said. "I feel wonderful."

"The matter with you," Miss A. said, continuing her steady scrutiny, "is that as a child you were taught to believe in fairies, leprechauns, and Santa Claus. You were told that Santa Claus came down the chimney and if you stayed awake and watched, he wouldn't come, and you believed it. As a result your judgment as an adult is permanently muddled, your critical faculty is impaired, and you have lost your sense of reality. Look at you. You've just put on your hat back to front."

"Well, you know how it is with a sense of reality these days," I said. "You just lay it down and forget where you put it. It's worse than keeping track of your glasses." I straightened my hat and rose to go, a little waveringly. Miss A. brought Rudyard out of the broom-closet.

"Santa Claus is coming to town," he chanted. "Ha, Ha, Ha!"

"Good-bye, Rudyard," I said, "and don't forget to watch for the psychiatrist coming down the chimney. Because if you lie awake and watch for the psychiatrist, he's sure to come."

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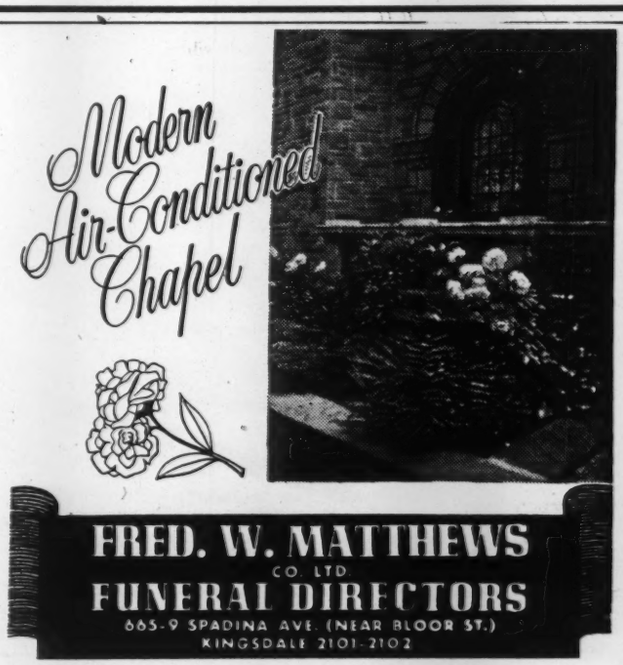

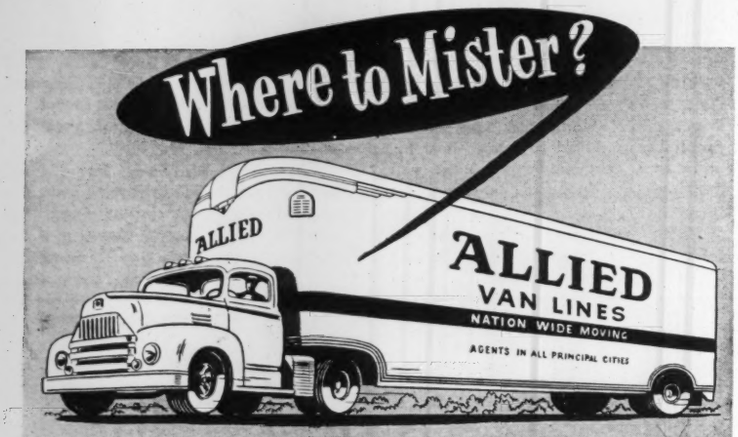

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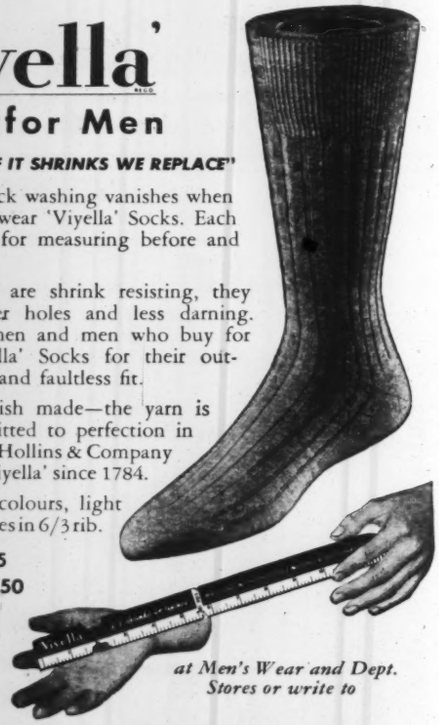

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5-30

The Backward Glance

46 Years Ago This Week

SATURDAY NIGHT in 1907 was edited by Joseph T. Clark, Gregory Clark's father, who later went to the Toronto *Star*. Flying from its masthead were the words, "SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people." Nowadays we consider it to be a healthy magazine aimed at wholesome people, a slightly different approach.

The Yellow Peril was raising hob in this country in 1907, and "The Front Page" for November 9 quoted a British Columbia mine-and-mill owner as saying that "yellow men" had been found to be more industrious, more sober, more satisfactory to deal with, than white laborers. Senator Cox and others advocated bringing in more Asiatics to work on the railroads and in the wheat fields, but SATURDAY NIGHT was against the use of Chinese and Japanese to perform all the menial jobs while the white man stood over them in an advisory capacity. This attitude was not completely altruistic, for at the end of the item it was stated, "We should not halve the country with them. It is ours and we should keep it, unless we can't."

Streets in the U.S.A. were never paved with gold, as many an immigrant has discovered, but there have been streets paved with silver. A short item in the Nov. 9 issue said, "A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie says that a vein of silver fifteen feet wide has been discovered at Poole Island in St. Joseph's channel, Georgian Bay. The stone is being quarried by the Georgian Bay Rock Co. and sent to Cleveland for pavements. Several tons of ore were shipped before its value was discovered, and it is now probably being used in Cleveland and other Ohio cities for paving. An expert from the Ontario Mines Department has gone up from Toronto to examine these deposits."

Probably one of the first letters to an editor that was signed "Pedestrian", found its way into the pages of SATURDAY NIGHT. It dealt with the blinding speed of the automobiles on Toronto's streets, and had this to say about them, in part: "The law is quite liberal enough when it allows a speed of ten miles in a city and fifteen in the country. The auto cars frequently attain a speed of twenty miles in our city and thirty outside . . . If the police were furnished with a few power bicycles capable of making twenty miles an hour, there would be fewer violations of the law, fewer accidents and less dust . . ." It's probably too late now, Pedestrian, but we have news for you . . .

The advertisements in 1907 may bring back memories to those who were around Toronto at the time. Jukes & Charles at 431 Yonge St. advertised a stock reduction in their switches, puffs, empire braids, pompadours, transformations, and men's toupees and wigs. Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths advertised themselves as a cure for the feeling of depression that the Stock Market had given its customers, plus "cozy all night sleeping accommodation" and an appetizing supper or breakfast served in the Turkish Lounge.

Lea and Perrins, the sauce people, had little faith in their retail merchants, for they cautioned the buyer to "Ask any honest grocer for the best sauce."

A loaf of Geo. Weston's bread sold for 5c; you could buy a genuine leather suitcase from W. A. Murray and Co. for $5.50; attend the stage presentation of *The Dancing Girl* at the Royal Alexandra at a Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday matinee for 25c, with a souvenir thrown in; see the new kinetograph pictures at Shea's Theatre for a quarter; and buy your wife an opera wrap for as low as $13.50 and an evening dress for $15.00 from the T. Eaton Co. The man who wanted to cut a social swath could buy a dinner jacket and trousers for $25 and a silk-faced set of tails for the same price from Semi-Ready Tailoring shop at 81 Yonge Street.

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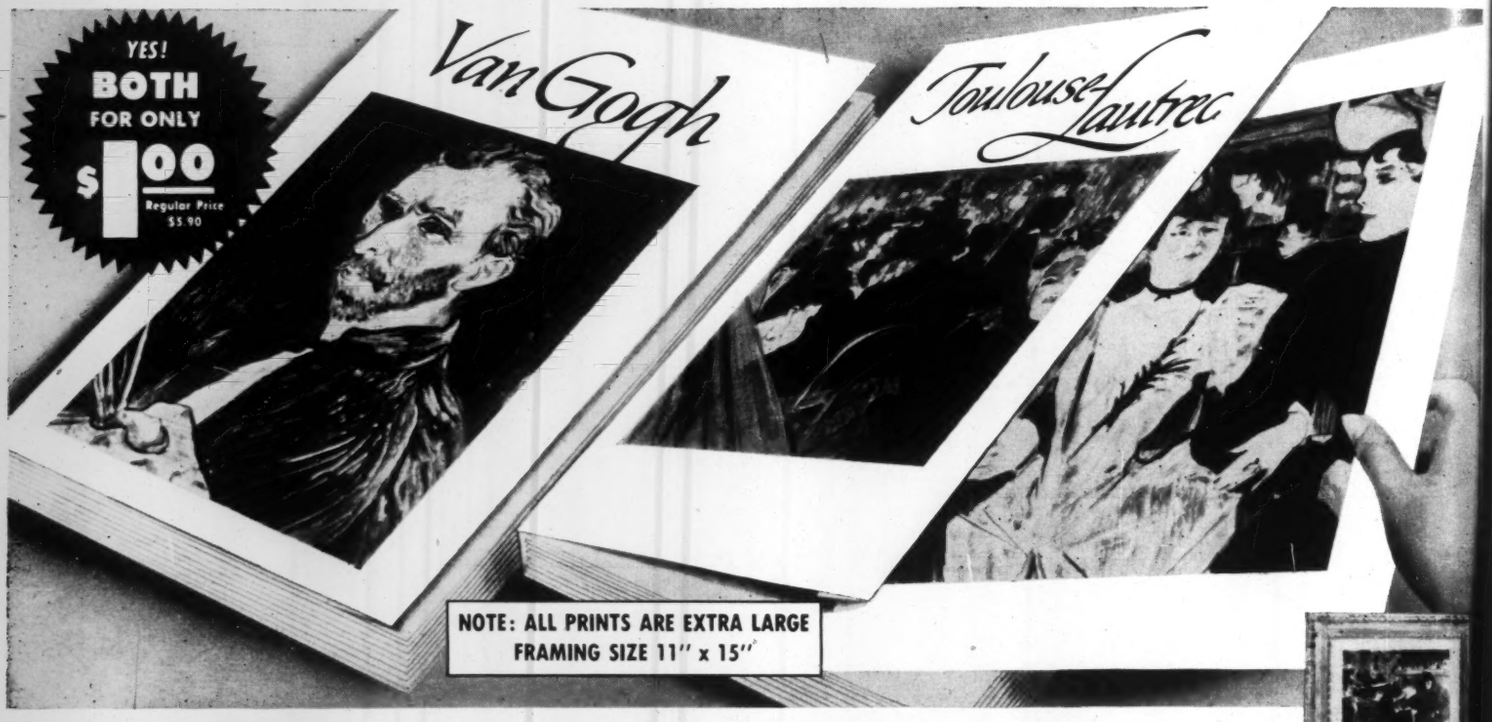

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